Ambassador College
OCT 17 1976
LIBRARY

Hungary After 20 Years *Tad Szulc*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—October 16, 1976, 60 cents

NEWSPAPER NE
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CALIF
91123

Working with Migrants
Robert Coles & Tom Davey

Ford, Ruff and Butz
John Osborne

Mondale's Stride
Ken Bode

B.H. Haggin on Deprived Concertgoers
Roger Rosenblatt on Renata Adler's Novel
W.T. Lhamon, Jr. on Benson, Braxton, The Beach Boys
Robin Winks on Eight New Mysteries

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
October 16, 1976

Electoral Explosives

If Jerry Ford piles up four million votes in New York when the ballots are opened next month and if Jimmy Carter gets four million votes plus one, Jimmy Carter gets all 41 electoral votes. This time-honored winner-take-all system is what makes close elections such breath-taking sporting events in America.

"The electoral college method of electing a President of the United States is archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect and dangerous," reported a blue-ribbon commission of the American Bar Association in 1967. So what? Nothing was done. We all love excitement and it's titillating to live on a minefield. Whether or not to abolish the Electoral College has been the longest-standing debate in American political science.

Most polls indicate a close race; Jerry has been closing in on Jimmy, aided by the *Playboy* affair, and there's a sense in Washington that anything can happen; neither candidate thrills the voters; there are no "jumpers" or "squealers," as we in the press bus used to call the excited women along the way when Jack Kennedy's motorcade went through; and they don't roll in the aisles when Mr. Ford makes one of his earnest near-beer speeches—as FDR made the Teamsters do in his overwhelming Little Dog Fala speech so long ago. No, there's a kind of bored sobriety about it all, and a patient feeling that it'll all be over soon, anyway.

So people are studying the rules of the game compiled in the Philadelphia 1787 constitutional rule book. The goal, then, was to keep the presidential selection process away from the public (you and me); Roger Sherman said that the people "should have as little to do as may be about the government. They want information and are constantly liable to be misled." They invented a cozy Electoral College of the best minds which would pick a proper President though most people today still think they are voting directly for Carter and Ford and not for faceless electors. A candidate needs 270 electors to win. A lot of things flow out of the system including, probably, the departure of Earl Butz last week. Mr. Ford must have been reading about the Reverend Samuel D. Burchard.

Did an ethnic slur ever decide a presidential election? You bet it did, with the aid of the Electoral College. The year was 1884, the candidates were Cleveland and Blaine and Earl Butz's graceless predecessor was a Presbyterian minister. It was a close race; New York State would probably decide it; New York City would decide the state and an angry ethnic or religious group could probably decide the city. Could and did.

At a meeting of Protestant ministers for Republican Blaine, Burchard welcomed the candidate and got his name in the encyclopedias by charging that Democrats were the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." It was as alliterative as a Spiro Agnew speech. Blaine, of Irish descent himself, didn't hear the remark or let it go unrebuked, and his Celtic supporters turned on him passionately. Result: Cleveland carried New York by 1149 votes out of a million; won New York's winner-take-all 36 electors and got the presidency—219 electors to 182 for Blaine. Fun, eh? And a thing like that in a close contest could happen in 1976.

You can't help feeling sorry for Butz. He's a man with a Rotarian style of oratory and behind-the-barn humor, betrayed by the tittle-tattle of a private conversation aboard an airplane after the Kansas City convention by sharp-eared John W. Dean, III. Dean was Nixon's counsel, the informer with the choirboy look who first egged Nixon on and later pulled the plug on Watergate. John Dean is a character out of Shakespeare; there'll always be one of him around in great drama, always sliding through, always telling all—for a fee—always landing on his feet.

Unlike the Burchard crack Butz's nasty slur is unprintable and attacks the whole black race. After it got out, Butz had to go. There are 15.4 million blacks of voting age in the US making up 46 percent of the population of Chicago, for example. Illinois (26 electoral votes) leans to Ford. Black turnout in big cities is low but no party could shoulder a thing like that.

As to the Electoral College it should, of course, be removed like that other constitutional anachronism, the vice presidency, with direct popular voting substituted. In 1969 the House approved a constitutional amendment to end the anomaly, 339 to 70, but it got tangled up in a Senate filibuster and lost.

The College has caused some near misses. In 1968 a shift of 42,000 votes would have thrown the election into the House which was what George Wallace (who got 46 electoral votes) was trying to do: he told a reporter that he hoped to be the balance of power between Nixon and Humphrey and extort from one of them, as the price of his deciding votes, a voice in picking Supreme Court Justices. Some day, when nobody gets the requisite majority from the Faceless Men in the College, the stick of dynamite in the Constitution will go off and the election will go into the House of Representatives. It is doubtful that we will do anything to meet the situation before then.

Mayaguez Memory

President Ford's Gallup poll rating leaped after the *Mayaguez* incident. It jumped 11 percent in the sharpest gain since Nixon's 17-point leap after the Vietnam "peace" settlement in January 1973. The only trouble was, of course, that Marines were ordered to rescue the American merchantman's 39-man crew after receiving word that they were already off the island, and at a cost of 41 lives. Release of the General Accounting Office's dry recapitulation of the incident by a House committee now is doubtless a political act. But it must be remembered that Ford boasted about *Mayaguez* in Indiana, April 23, 1976. He told an audience, "I think the *Mayaguez* incident ought to be a fair warning to any country of the decisiveness of the Ford administration." He told the nation that he had constitutional authority for the action. "I was not consulted," said Mike Mansfield.

How good is the Ford judgment in such matters? He and five other congressional hawks were briefed on Nixon's secret, undeclared bombing of Cambodia in 1969. Nixon lied to the public that he was respecting Cambodia's neutrality. Mr. Ford did not speak.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 175, No. 16, Issue 3223, October 16, 1976. Published weekly (except the issues of January 3, July 10, August 14, August 28) and distributed by* The New Republic, Inc., *1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 60¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1976 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

3 Comment
Arms and More Arms
Round Two
6 Mondale's Stride—*Ken Bode*
7 White House Watch: Ford, Ruff and Butz
—*John Osborne*
11 Hungary Between Two Worlds
—*Tad Szulc*
14 Working With Migrants
—*Robert Coles & Tom Davey*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Music—*B.H. Haggin*
25 Jazz and Rock—*W.T. Lhamon, Jr.*
28 Books—Reviews by *Anthony Astrachan, Richard M. Dorson*
30 Mysteries—*Robin Winks*
32 The Back of the Book
—*Roger Rosenblatt*
33 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Acting Managing Editor—Eliot Marshall
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
'76 Politics Editor—Ken Bode
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—
Cherryl Holt
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
Guest Poetry Editor—Robert Fitzgerald
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein,
Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph
Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson,
Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J.
Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc,
Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer
Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Assistant Production Manager—
Philip Terzian
Circulation Manager—
Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Secretary/Accounting Clerk—
Carolyn Carpenter
Bookkeeper—Rhonda Davis
Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Director of Advertising—
Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Editorial Assistants—Michael Douglas,
Paul A. Barnett
Leadership Network Advertising—
Robert F.Sennott, Jr., New York
(212) 532-2500

Arms and More Arms

As Congress raced to meet its adjournment deadline this month, five senators—alone on the Senate floor, with Vice President Rockefeller presiding—conspired to return to the Foreign Relations Committee a resolution disapproving the sale of 650 tv-guided air-to-ground Maverick missiles to Saudi Arabia. The committee had passed the resolution some days earlier, and until this maneuver occurred, it seemed likely that the entire Senate and House would agree to stop the sale. In both houses, the sentiment against the bloated arms trade in general, and against the sale of missiles to the Saudis in particular, was so great that the only tactic the administration could concoct to win its battle for this commerce in death was to keep the resolution from coming to a vote.

Now, the Senate operates by customs as well as by rules, and one of the customs that keeps rancor to a minimum is that no one brings legislation to the floor without notifying the prime sponsors, so that they may be present to speak for it. Overriding interests must have been at stake this time, for the indispensable courtesy was flouted by people who normally regard it as sacrosanct. The interests, defended in this case by stealth, were Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's reflexive and self-fulfilling strategy of keeping friends by arming them—endlessly—and the Arab petroleum connection. In the background was the fear that the Saudi government might impose the oil embargo anew if its armament plans were frustrated or if legislation were passed penalizing firms that comply with the Arab boycott. (Oil's own senator, John Tower of Texas, represented the administration in preventing the appointment of a congressional conference committee that might have reported out an effective anti-boycott bill.) And Nelson Rockefeller delivered the threatening oil embargo message to the Senate, then rushed through the vote to table the offending resolution on arms. He also saw to it that the maker of the remanding motion be none other than John Sparkman, who—though a bit dotty now—nonetheless chairs the Foreign Relations Committee, the one from which the legislation had come.

Senator Clifford Case, who sponsored the initial bill along with Senator Gaylord Nelson and shepherded it through the Committee, appeared afterward to protest the ambush of his measure. When he did, Sparkman apologized and, pressed, seemed willing to have it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought to the floor again. But that would have given all the senators a chance to vote—precisely what the administration feared. Furthermore, a vote to reconsider would have required unanimous consent, or to put it the other way, just one dissent to prevent it. That function was eagerly performed by Senator James Abourezk, who has been the Senate's most consistent spokesman for the Arab cause. He was not present on the floor by accident. Others participating in the maneuver against their colleagues were minority leader Robert Griffin, majority whip Robert Byrd and Alabama's James B. Allen, who had been carrying on a one-man filibuster against a civil rights measure.

The procedural sleights-of-hand, however disreputable they may have been, are not the heart of the matter. They permitted Kissinger his squalid victory. (There's been no one like him since Stephen Undershaft in Shaw's *Major Barbara*, who vowed solemnly "To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them . . . to all sorts and conditions, all nationalities, all faiths, all follies, all causes and all crimes.") If there's another Middle East war, the Secretary—by then perhaps professing in Cambridge—will know that he'd armed each side and made Saudi Arabia, if not a belligerent state with Israel, at least a significant supply station for those that are. Saudi Arabia has already conducted joint military exercises with Syria and Jordan against simulated Israeli strategic targets, and has, in violation of agreements with the US, trained Egyptian pilots in jet fighter craft purchased from the US. But Kissinger's victory may be Pyrrhic and short-lived, even though the Foreign Relations Committee assented, upon his triumphal return from southern Africa and in deference to his considerable talents, not to press this particular Saudi matter any further. For in truth, there was little it could have done at that late date anyway.

The line-up on the issue in the Foreign Relations Committee was at once illuminating and troubling. Senator Frank Church, who has learned a lot about weapons sales from his Lockheed, Northrop and Grumman investigations, and Senator Case, a decent and wise man offended by America's indiscriminate trafficking in other people's wars, have assumed the leadership in the fight to wrest control of the weapons trade from the profiteers and the Pentagon. Along with Senators Hubert Humphrey and Joseph Biden, they are intent on making a systematic scrutiny of who gets what, how and why.

The argument against selling the Mavericks—one of our most sophisticated missiles—to Saudi Arabia was substantial, not merely symbolic. Saudi Arabia is a backward country: the experts can't agree whether its population is eight million or just a bit more than half that. The two countries it might realistically go to war against—Iraq and South Yemen—are even more backward. Yet the Saudis are now so heavily armed that they may need additional enemies simply to justify their arms expenditures, which this year alone were almost eight billion dollars. The Iranians don't think that's a joke. There's been a festering competition between the two countries in the Persian Gulf for years, and the enhanced Saudi arsenal only feeds the Shah's fears and appetite. The Shah has ambitions of his own and an enemy to the north. Russian military capability and political behavior have made him understandably edgy. (For the Iranian record see "Arms Peddling," *TNR*, October 2.) But it's the Saudi case that we're considering. In virtually overlooked transactions earlier this year, the US sold the Saudis 150 M-60 tanks, more than a thousand armored personnel carriers, 4000 Dragon anti-tank missiles, plus Mavericks, and hundreds of Sidewinder, Tow and Hawk missiles. They've bought F-5 "Freedom Fighters" in a version that literally no one else has, and which the administration neglected to tell Congress it was upgrading to handle precision weapons like the Maverick and laser-guided bombs. These are on their way now, as substitutes for the Phantoms Congress would not let them have. They are also getting long-range Harpoon missiles and high speed sea craft, all *grace à* Kissinger, who's already been talking with them about sales of more Mavericks (as Assistant Secretary of State Alfred Atherton grudgingly conceded in House committee testimony) as well as F-15 and F-16 aircraft.

Senator Jacob Javits said he voted for the sale in committee "with tears in my heart." That's the fatuous kind of remark that confirms Gene McCarthy's observation that "liberal Republicans come as an act of mercy to shoot the wounded." While the invocation of tears was intended to add a compassionate note to the callous act, it won't do. Not that Javits was actually for the sale, you see, as he never tired of repeating. But he'd compromised with Kissinger on the number of Mavericks to be sold; not being able to reach the Secretary, who was then shuttling between Ian Smith and Julius Nyerere, he felt bound to keep his word. It's a curious sense of honor Javits has. Hubert Humphrey has not been insensitive to Kissinger's problems, and he was in on the same discussions. He said there were no commitments, no agreements, and he voted against the sale. Despite his public explanation, Javits has admitted privately that there was no hard and fast agreement.

Why George McGovern has become a flak for weapons peddling in the Middle East is especially difficult to understand. He tried last year to block the Foreign Relations Committee's successful efforts to restrict deployment of Hawk missiles. Jordan didn't like the result, and in retaliation King Hussein actually paid a visit to Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow. But Hussein's paymasters in Saudi Arabia would have none of the Soviet connection, to say nothing of Hussein's army which was not about to receive Soviet advisers into its barrack. And yet we have McGovern again repeating those hoary arguments that if the US doesn't sell Mavericks to the Saudis, others will. Well, they won't

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and can't. No other Western country has missiles with nearly the same deadly accuracy and offensive capability. The Russian version may not be much inferior to our own, but was McGovern suggesting that the Saudis, for whom contact with Communists is almost a taboo of Islam, were about to slouch toward Moscow for hardware they didn't really need? If he believes that, he hasn't learned much as chairman of the Middle East subcommittee of Foreign Relations. McGovern's views on the arms trade once had an ethical and political clarity to them, but since he's been in the thrall of his South Dakota colleague James Abourezk he's become another weapons-sales-to-the-Arabs-reliable.

All of this serves as evidence that Senator Gaylord Nelson and Rep. Jonathan Bingham's amendment to the Foreign Economic and Military Assistance Act of 1975, while a spur to congressional efforts to control the arms trade, is not adequate to the task. New legislation is required so that sales of weapons to foreigners must be approved rather than simply made susceptible to disapproval. The present law, stipulating that both houses of Congress must vote to disallow individual sales within 30 days of being notified that a sale is intended, has proved too cumbersome and easy to frustrate. It requires a major political mobilization to be invoked. As a result, arms sales to right-wing tyrannies slip through the net, often unnoticed. The procedures effectively preclude a comprehensive and coherent review of our weapons dispersal program. This program is so central to the conduct of foreign policy that Congress must assume responsibility for its general thrust and its specific beneficiaries. A select committee on arms sales and military assistance would be the most appropriate vehicle for such continuous oversight; and the administration should be required to consult with it before making any commitments to foreign countries. Under the current system, a congressional refusal to go along with a previously negotiated arms sale is said to endanger our relations with the buyer country. In effect, every negotiated proposal is a final commitment (even though the initiator of the deal is often an arms company, not the US government). Jimmy Carter has now put himself unequivocally on the record against these arms sales that get us short-run oil supplies and long-run threats to the peace. One can hope that if Carter were President, we'd stop selling arms no matter what values they're meant to defend and whom they're likely to kill.

Round Two

Like the first debate, the second Ford-Carter encounter seemed grounds for emigration—except that living abroad one would be more vulnerable to the kind of mindless, pandering foreign policy the candidates articulated in San Francisco last week. In most respects it was another of the tedious set-piece frauds in the tradition of campaign "debate," disappointing not so much for the anemic questions and answers as for the failure of the candidates to confront or acknowledge how complex was the subject they were discussing or how contradictory each of them could be, often in the confines of one sentence.

Both men were more relaxed and poised than in their first outing in Philadelphia. It was hardly the stuff, however, to impress future negotiating adversaries in the Kremlin or the Persian Gulf, or partners for that matter. What was most disappointing was the muddled substance, the parody of what American politicians imagine to be a popular foreign policy: at once tough and idealistic, self-serving and altruistic, vague and decisive. Carter's inherent dilemma was transparent in the opening question. Wasn't it difficult, asked Max Frankel of *The New York Times*, to oppose a Republican foreign policy that has accomplished what Democrats have long wanted and failed to do: from arms control to an opening to China to some disengagement (as well as an erosion of Soviet power) in the Middle East? During the whole evening President Ford, dogged, lifeless, never stated his own case better. Carter responded to the problem by evading it and reciting the rehearsed (but generally accurate) list of Ford-Nixon-Kissinger instances of deceit, a litany of disembodied place names that starts with Vietnam, touches on Chile and Angola, and ends with CIA and Watergate, making the latter two sound like obscure foreign countries in which we have no business. The refusal to grant our recent foreign policy its achievements only made the Democratic nominee look thoughtless or petty, and his dodge, once again, too plain. But Carter's trial was only beginning. He could not bring himself to say that he saw sense in cutting back arms expenditures to relieve want at home, or that he would offer more than "fireside chats" and congressional consultations to break through the official secrecy that has survived the Vietnam debacle. Even Carter's threat to impose a total economic embargo on the Arabs in another oil squeeze managed to miss the point of the question, which was how he would respond to human rights violations in various countries.

Carter survived, as he is surviving the campaign at large, by being matched with the likes of Gerald Ford. You can, of course, get from the show some taste for what the incumbent must be like in those NSC meetings with Henry Kissinger. His is a mind that hones in unerringly on the point passed three comments ago. Ford did try to suggest that it was not détente which solidified Soviet domination of Eastern Europe, but he did it so ineptly that he seemed to deny that there was any Soviet domination there at all. No one appears to have understood that he may well have been evoking a still struggling nationalism in those

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

countries, but—with the justified uproar about the Sonnenfeldt doctrine in his mind—he may not have understood that himself. And Ford's apparent indifference to the oppression suffered by Eastern Europeans was magnified by his vague assurance to other oppressed peoples elsewhere that they might look to us for help. He made his problems all the worse with a lot of defensive nonsense about our support for the tyranny in South Korea. Nor did his dim ramblings on morality compensate for his silence on Chile, an issue on which Carter did speak with some passion.

All the same, Ford and Carter were not very distinguishable—and that may be true to life—despite the contrived conflict situation. Both resorted ritually to hokum: Ford to ceremonial visits as proof of diplomacy and continuous consultation with allies (and with Congress), Carter to being a "nuclear engineer" as proof of devotion to arms control. Both were *macho* on the Panama Canal and *Mayaguez*. Ford's record on the Arab boycott belies his rhetoric; Carter's was unexceptionable, but he repeated it so often that one sensed policy concerned him less than votes. Both were astonishingly superficial about the crisis in southern Africa: Carter spoke about how late we were in getting there, Ford of how much we'd already accomplished. Both stayed away from the vexing territorial issues in the Arab-Israel dispute; and it was as if the vast carnage in Lebanon and the PLO debacle had never occurred.

All but invisible and unmentionable was the vision behind Kissinger's foreign policy which, however enormous its failings and transgressions against decency, gave this administration what little it has had in statesmanship. Many of these policies, in fact, stand to be emulated by Carter. Beyond Kissinger, however, is that *other* foreign policy no one wanted to recognize in the glaring light of public scrutiny—the pervasive power of multinational corporations, the constitutional and political issue of covert CIA activities, the question of bureaucratic reform in the State Department and Pentagon, where organizational habits rule and overrule men and policies so rigidly and perversely that even strong Presidents can be at their mercy. All this only begs the rude question about the personnel of either administration—Carter's roster of used-up bureaucrats from the salad days of the Vietnam war, or Ford's leftovers from the Nixon cabinet. Masking alarm with confidence, Carter wouldn't name his future foreign policy entourage, as if it were impertinent for the people to want to know.

It was a pathetic spectacle for a nation that has paid so dearly in blood and bone over the last 15 years, and had made others pay more. Neither man could summon up, beyond platitudes and evasion and political double talk, a clear image of the world or of America's role in it. Apparently, Jimmy Carter won this debate—or so the polls tell us. We're glad, but not because of what he said last week.

Mondale's Stride

Walter Mondale's speech last week at the University of Missouri Law School in Kansas City was the most specific treatment of the trust-in-government issue in this presidential year. With it, he came out of the shadows of a campaign marked by banalities. It was an eloquent and intelligent discourse on law and the limits of authority in a constitutional system. And it was important for another reason: it revealed an independence of spirit on the part of its author usually thought to be precluded by the relationship between candidates for President and Vice President.

"These were things I have wanted to say for some time," Mondale explained, "and I was just looking for the right time and place to say them." Mondale told me that the timing was coincidental in this case (both Ford and Carter were in seclusion preparing for their foreign policy debate). It was not an attempt to deliver a fast one while the main candidates were preoccupied and beyond reach. More important was the audience: future lawyers. "An appalling number of our colleagues have been responsible for official lawlessness in America—and (for) the profound destruction of public trust which still threatens our nation's future," he told the law students.

In his prepared remarks, Mondale itemized the official illegalities of the last decade. It was a litany of abuses traceable to the Cold War era, he said, a period when Americans were harnessed by the fearful myth that the US could not be defended "without more deceit and illegality than democracy permits." Mondale put the blame on both parties. He declined to put it on any single personality, which is to say he did not take the easy course of blaming it all on Nixon. The crimes were perpetrated and justified, Mondale said, by a twisting of executive power into a notion of inherent authority—a perversion of authority that produced what Mondale called the "doctrine of inherent illegality." It did produce under Nixon, however, most serious constitutional crisis America's.

But the speech was not without sharp edges. Mondale delivered a list of particulars against Gerald Ford, the man who "campaigns as if he were the one who cleaned up Watergate." As Minority Leader, Ford sought to prevent the first investigation of Watergate by the House Banking Committee. Both Ford and Dole strongly supported the "Saturday Night Massacre," Richard Nixon's decision to fire Archibald Cox for refusing to knuckle under and suppress the tapes. Had this succeeded, Mondale added, Nixon *would* still be President. To the bitter end—even after reading the "smoking gun" transcript—Ford defended Nixon.

Finally, Mondale injected the issue that his staff says is part of his longest-standing disagreement with Carter—the pardon. Mondale said no act perpetuated Nixon's doctrine that a President is somehow above

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the law so much as Ford's first gesture as President. "Few would have objected to a Nixon pardon *after* a judicial process," he said, if in fact Nixon had been indicted. But he wasn't.

On the Mondale plane they say that Carter doesn't want the pardon reintroduced in the campaign for "tactical reasons." From the start, Carter's polls indicated that there is no mileage in campaigning against Richard Nixon or the abuses associated with Watergate, that voters are relieved to have it all behind them. And those who voted for Nixon may not want to be reminded of their mistake—particularly not by a Democrat. Carter believes in repeating the constant, simple theme of absolution that worked so well in the primaries ("we deserve a government as good and decent and honest as our people"); he thinks it goes down better. But polls other than Carter's also show that one single act—Ford's pardon of Nixon—did more to diminish confidence in government than the entire Watergate episode, and Mondale knows that.

From his number-two spot on the ticket, on his own initiative, Mondale outlined and committed a future Carter-Mondale administration to a package of modest procedural reforms that fill in some specifics of his running mate's long-standing promise to restore trust in government. He listed Ford's failures to support various post-Watergate reforms: blocking the establishment of an independent Special Prosecutor, resisting a legislative charter for the FBI and CIA, vetoing the freedom of information acts of 1974, failing to "remove or prosecute officials (unnamed) involved in illegal activities already disclosed." These were the only aspects of the speech Mondale asked Carter to approve, a fact that aroused great interest among the traveling press on the Mondale campaign plane. Had Carter himself reviewed and approved the speech? No, probably not. The entire speech had been telecopied from the Mondale plane the day before it was given, but it is not likely that Carter ever saw an advance text. Did the Carter aides who approved the specific reforms delineated by Mondale demand any changes or deletions? No, none whatever. Does the reintroduction of the Nixon pardon indicate that Mondale has been assigned to carry the baggage for the ticket on this sensitive issue? No. Mondale and Carter spoke about the pardon only once; they agreed to disagree, but Mondale is under no constraint; he feels free to discuss the issue in whatever terms he considers appropriate. Mostly, however, he's been sticking to the routine Democratic themes, and returned to them once the speech was done.

Because what the number two man says is not often widely reported and less often in any depth, the speech did not get the attention it deserves. It was buried on page nine of *The Washington Post*, for example. That's a shame; it was a high moment in a depressing season.

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Ford, Ruff and Butz

San Francisco

Two episodes in late September and early October that involved President Ford and must have diminished his chance, already dim, for election to the office that he attained by appointment and succession are dealt with in this report. They provide a useful insight into the mind and character of the President and into the workings of his White House, and one of them raised troubling questions about the roles of the press and of official investigative agencies in this season of endemic distrust.

The episodes were the disclosure that the Watergate Special Prosecutor was investigating the use of campaign funds contributed to Republican committees in Mr. Ford's home city and county in Michigan, and the resignation of Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz after he admitted to the President that he had indeed, as reported, remarked upon the sexual and anal preferences of black people—"coloreds," he had called them—in language so crude that it will not be quoted here. The remark and the circumstances in which it was spoken justified Senators Edward Brooke of Massachusetts and James Buckley of New York, Congressman John Anderson of Illinois and Ambassador William Scranton, among others, in saying that the President should demand Butz's resignation rather than passively await it, which is what he chose to do for four days after he heard about it.

It was news to many people that a Watergate Special Prosecution Force still existed. Under the fourth and presumably last Special Prosecutor, 37-year-old attorney Charles Ruff, the staff had been reduced from some 200 lawyers and other employees to fewer than a dozen and had moved from mid-town Washington into a small, though formidably secured, office suite in a sleazy building near the Capitol. Ruff told a House subcommittee on August 26 that he expected to terminate the operation "probably within three or four months." The Michigan investigation had been secretly in progress for more than a month when he said this. It would have been extremely odd if he simultaneously expected in August to be out of business "within three or four months" and thought he was developing a case involving serious charges against the President.

The first anybody at the White House knew that something strange and surprising was going on in Grand Rapids and Kent County was when acquaintances and friends of the President began telephoning White House Counsel Philip Buchen, who also is from Grand Rapids, and telling him that FBI agents were questioning them about the handling of local Republican campaign funds and seizing committee records dating as far back as 1964. Because FBI agents

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had gone over similar ground with the same local committees and people after Richard Nixon nominated Gerald Ford to be Vice President in 1973, Buchen and his Grand Rapids friends found this puzzling. Buchen, however, is a glacially calm type who doesn't puzzle easily and intensely, and he has said he didn't bother the President with the word from home at the time. In accordance with a strict rule against the slightest intrusion upon the Department of Justice and the FBI that was established in the first weeks of the Ford presidency, Buchen also didn't ask either of them what was going on. On Monday, September 20, a day or so after Buchen got the first calls from Grand Rapids, press secretary Ron Nessen received a telephone call from Jerry Landauer, an investigative reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*. Landauer said the *Journal* was about to go to press with a report that the FBI was conducting an investigation in Grand Rapids and Kent County that could involve the President. Landauer asked Nessen for comment. As Nessen recalls the conversation, he protested that nothing Landauer had told him about the story indicated that the President was involved. Therefore, said Nessen, no comment.

Still according to Nessen, Landauer said as innumerable news stories have maintained since then that local committees that had supported the President and had helped to finance his campaigns for reelection to Congress for 25 years were involved and, anyhow, that such an investigation of the use of Ford campaign funds in Mr. Ford's home city and county was bound to concern him in one way or another. Implicit in Landauer's first story and in many stories in other publications that followed was a suspicion that political contributions had been diverted to Gerald Ford's personal use or to political uses that the contributors had not intended. Charles Ruff's predecessor, Leon Jaworski, had said he investigated allegations of the misuse of Ford political funds and found the charges baseless. The House and Senate committees that confirmed Ford's nomination to the vice presidency considered similar charges and absolved him. Now, a few weeks from the 1976 presidential elections and just when Ford was overtaking Jimmy Carter in the polls, the suspicion was back in the news and, what was worse, back in it in a Watergate context that inevitably resulted from the reports that the Watergate Special Prosecutor was conducting the investigation. Reports and the ready admission at the White House that US Steel and several other corporations, all of them represented in Washington by lobbyists who are friends of the President, had paid Ford's travel and other expenses on several golfing weekends during his years in Congress added to the irritation and frustration. In times of potential embarrassment and political harm, however, they were as nothing compared with the stories of the Michigan investigation.

In keeping with the policy adopted by the first Special Prosecutor, Archibald Cox, and followed by his successors, Charles Ruff and his young press spokesman, Dan Rosenblatt, refused to say whether such an investigation was in fact underway, what it concerned if it was, and specifically whether it involved or concerned the President. Nor would they give any indication whatever of who or what initiated the investigation if there was one. The Justice Department and the FBI were equally reticent. The first news stories, therefore, were derived from what Grand Rapids and Kent County politicians who had been interviewed by the FBI were saying in Michigan. The thrust of what they were saying was that the questions put to them by the FBI and the committee records subpoenaed by the Special Prosecutor seemed chiefly to concern contributions made to Ford campaigns over the years by two maritime unions, the Seafarers Union and the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association. Both unions for years were strong and generous supporters of Congressman Ford. He took pay from them and from other maritime unions for making speeches to them along lines that—he has said—"they thought would be appropriate." President Ford alienated them when he vetoed an outrageous bill that would have required *foreign* exporters of oil to the US to ship half of their cargos in US tankers operated with high-wage union crews. The MEBA in particular has turned to lavish support—rhetorical, organizational and financial—of Jimmy Carter this year and has been rewarded by him with promises of support for some of its dearest and most selfish aims, including a union monopoly of the training of commercial maritime crews. A White House official was told when the Michigan stories began to break that Jesse Calhoon, MEBA's president and a vociferous Carter supporter, was feeding off-record information to reporters working on the stories. Whether Calhoon is the informant who set off the Special Prosecutor's investigation has not been established at this writing. Whoever that informant or misinformant may be, he or she set in a motion a faceless, chargeless process of indictment by rumor that forced President Ford to say at a suddenly summoned press conference on September 30 that he'd never received Kent County political money for personal purposes. He got to the heart of the issue raised by this affair when he said: "There is a saying that is prevalent in the law that 'justice delayed is justice denied.' I am certain that the people responsible for any investigation will live up to . . . the Canon of Ethics . . . which does require that . . . such investigations . . . be full, complete and concluded as readily as possible." While professing "full competence in the integrity of Mr. Ruff" and belief in "the Special Prosecutor concept," he was saying to Charles Ruff: *Get this over and get off my back.*

He had every right to say it, with an aside to his own Attorney General to the same effect. The current version of the charters under which Special

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today most Americans take voting rights for granted....

Florrie Segelman

...but for some the path to the ballot box is not easy

The Voter Education Project is determined to remove the last obstacles from the path of these children before they reach voting age.

Despite VEP's progress — 3.5 million new voters registered — the rate of southern black registration lags behind white as much as 50% in some areas; 362 towns with black majorities are totally dominated by the white minority.

This is no coincidence.

VEP's goal is to place registration projects in these communities.

VEP has been fighting the good fight since 1962. Help win the next round and leave one less fight for the next generation.

Your help is needed.

VEP

BOX 2244
ATLANTA, GA. 30301

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

All contributions tax deductible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prosecutors have worked since the office was established on May 31, 1973 limits the Prosecutor to investigating Watergate-connected behavior and allegations of behavior within the three years of 1970, 1971 and 1972. The Prosecutor may investigate allegations of non-Watergate behavior of events that either preceded or followed those three years, even when he is working on leads that arise from events within those years, only with the permission of the Attorney General. The Special Prosecutor may request this permission or the Attorney General may expand the permitted period for investigation by "referral" of an allegation to the Special Prosecutor. A remarkable thing about the early Michigan fund stories was the slowness of the press to awake to the fact that Ruff could not have been going back to 1964 in his investigation, as he was reported to be doing, without Attorney General Edward Levi's permission. Ruff's spokesman, Dan Rosenblatt, and Robert Havel, the Justice Department's chief spokesman, told this reporter that this was so in late September, but neither of them would say that or whether Ruff was acting with the Attorney General's permission or by referral from the Attorney General. When the reporter said to Philip Buchen on September 28 that the seeming requirement of some authority from the Attorney General for what Ruff was reported to be doing "makes me wonder," Buchen replied: "Well, I'll leave you wondering. At the moment I won't be bothered by it."

Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post*'s Watergate team of Woodward and Bernstein finally extracted from Deputy Attorney General Harold A. Tyler, Jr. the fact that he, with Attorney General Levi's approval, had initiated the Ruff investigation last July by referral of an allegation of wrongdoing that somebody unknown to Tyler and Levi (Tyler said) had made to the FBI. The Woodward-Bernstein disclosure was followed by a tragi-comedy of press rivalry that did nobody, Woodward-Bernstein and Charles Ruff included, any credit. Tyler and the department spokesman, Robert Havel, complained convincingly that Woodward and *The Post*'s account had gone much farther than Tyler had gone to tie the President to the case. Nicholas Horrock of *The New York Times* wrote that "government sources" expected Ruff to say soon that he had investigated "allegations or campaign financing irregularities and found no basis to either continue the inquiry or bring criminal charges." The Associated Press had "a Justice Department source" saying that Ruff would soon clear the President in a public statement. Woodward and Bernstein thereupon quoted Ruff: "I will state that it has never been the policy of this office to keep the Justice Department informed of our day-to-day, minute-to-minute or month-to-month progress on any investigations . . . I have no plans to make any statement. If and when making a statement becomes appropriate, I will do so." After weeks of principled pap from the Special Prosecutor's office to the effect that he could not and would not comment upon any aspect of the matter, this gratuitous cooperation with Woodward and Bernstein to keep the story alive, facts or no facts, inclined me to vomit.

Space permits, thank God, the briefest possible summation of the Butz affair. Now that it's over and done with, apart from any effect it may have on the electorate's judgment of Mr. Ford, two questions about it are worth answering. One is how Earl Butz, who really is no fool despite the contrary appearance that he's often conveyed since he joined the Nixon cabinet in 1971, could have been stupid enough to say what he did in the presence of John W. Dean, III, the former White House lawyer who did more than any other individual to bring about the ruin of Richard Nixon, and who was known to Butz to be writing about the Republican National Convention for *Rolling Stone* magazine. The other question is why the President didn't fire Butz out of hand instead of letting it appear that he could stay on if he wished and that, in any event, the basis for keeping him or allowing him to quit would be the discerned impact upon the Ford campaign for election rather than Butz's grievous offense against national and racial sensibilities.

The answer to the first question, I am told, is that it was just a matter of Butz being Butz. He is an inveterate teller of anecdotes, some of them funny and possibly half of them fit for rendition in polite company. There he was on an airliner bound from Kansas City to California, in the company of Dean and singers Pat Boone and Sonny Bono. It was a time for jokes and Butz told two, the second concerning a dog in intimate converse with a skunk. Butz explained in a public apology that the racial slur was really a joke told years before by some local politician, but he didn't say that this was what it was when he dumped it on Dean, Boone and Bono. The answer to the second question is rather similar, in that the President's handling of the affair was a matter of Ford being himself. It was said that he has long schooled himself to take hard decisions only after thought and delay, especially if they concern someone else. He was and remains fond of Butz. He sorely needed Butz's campaign help in the grain states. And, one is not told at the White House but is compelled to conclude, the President and the people around him simply were not repelled by the Butz language to the extent that they should have been, morally speaking. Richard Cheney, the President's staff chief, reported the matter to Mr. Ford almost 24 hours after Butz had warned Cheney that "a problem" was coming up with identification of him as the author of the remark and half a day after Cheney had told two press spokesmen, Ron Nessen and William Greener, about it. Let's face it, the Ford White House is not a place for outrage over this sort of thing.

John Osborne

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bloody Budapest Almost Forgotten

Hungary Between Two Worlds

by Tad Szulc

Budapest

The Erzsebet (Elizabeth) Bridge spanning the Danube, which divides the Buda and Pest sides of this ancient capital, is a permanent traffic jam of blue buses, trucks, taxis and private cars, as are the six other bridges, boulevards lined with beautiful old buildings, and every major street and thoroughfare in Budapest. Downtown in Pest, the famous pastry shop on Voros-Marty Square, a Budapest landmark since the days of the Austro-Hungarian empire, is a mob scene combining the genteel past and modernity. Inside, young people in blue jeans (Hungarian-made because only the new gilded youth can afford the real thing from America) and dowagers in hats and gloves crowd the counters to buy the fantastic "Dobos" chocolate cake. Outside, it is a battle for the sidewalk tables where the old and the young sip "eszpresszo" coffee or beer, eat more pastry, and watch the shoppers and strollers.

Along the Danube, as far as the Visegrad mountain-and-river resort 40 miles west of Budapest, modernistic weekend homes and cottages belonging to Hungary's new wealthy class sit next to each other in contented affluence. Workers labor well into the evening, even on Sunday, to build more of them. Driving back to Budapest from Visegrad Sunday afternoon on the six-lane highway is a bumper-to-bumper exercise reminiscent of the worst in American holiday traffic jams. This is the picture of Budapest on the 20th anniversary of the October days in 1956 when Soviet tanks rolled into this city to drown in blood the uprising that threatened to remove Hungary from Moscow's orbit.

Today Hungary is a nation that clearly has come to terms with its own reality: that it will remain for the foreseeable future a part of the Soviet political system in Europe, that it will go on being a Communist state (although Marxist-Leninist purists may wonder about the kind of communism practiced here), and that it simply makes no sense to engage ostentatiously in political dissent—not even to the degree that dissent exists in the Soviet Union, to say nothing of Poland. Obviously, quiet dissent has not vanished altogether from Hungary, nor is it likely to vanish. It exists in the intelligentsia and in sectors of the middle class concerned with traditional Western freedoms, and, interestingly, it is beginning to appear both in the universities and such huge industrial complexes as Budapest's Csepel island on the Danube (still called the "Red Csepel") where students and younger workers are developing a resentment on practical as well as ideological grounds against the wealth of what, for lack of a better expression, could be described as the "New Bourgeoisie."

It should be said quickly that this "double society" emerging in Hungary is not linked to the life-style of Hungary's top Communist leadership. It represents, instead, the enrichment of a largely non-Communist economic class—people who deal in everything from specialized "private sector" services to sophisticated forms of black-marketeering—that has benefited from the country's relative prosperity. The regime tolerates this class (and, at this point, it would be hard to eradicate it without an upheaval) as part of the complex social contract it has developed with Hungarian society in the aftermath of the 1956 revolution.

When two young Hungarian sociologists produced a study last year emphasizing some of the inequities in Hungary's formal socialism, they were arrested because the normally non-repressive Budapest regime perceived their work as a challenge to the status quo. They were freed within a few days, after the government satisfied itself that they had not been circulating their paper. They were advised to turn to other fields of research or leave the country. One of them took the advice and stayed home. The other emigrated to Australia. This is an example of how Janos Kadar, first secretary of the Hungarian Communist party and the man who will celebrate early in November his 20th anniversary in power, handles political dissent, such as it is. The fundamental policy here is to avoid unnecessary oppression, to grant as many individual freedoms as is consistent with Hungary's Communist framework, and concentrate on economic development which in the correct judgment of the Kadar leadership is the guarantee of stability.

This stability is confirmed by the fact that, during my recent stay in Hungary, I found that very few Hungarians are even aware that this is the 20th anniversary of the 1956 uprising. It takes foreigners to remind them of it. This is another way of saying, I suppose, that the revolution has by now become part of Hungarian history and is no longer a bitter, living memory. An elderly acquaintance of mine, a Hungarian who was carried on the shoulders of his students across the Erzsebet bridge on the first heady day of the revolution and paid for his involvement with a prison term, now plays a distinguished role in the country's intellectual life, and was among those who tried to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

explain to me the Hungarian post-1956 compromise.

To him, 1956 is still "a glorious revolution," but he insists that Kadar has given Hungarians all they asked for 20 years ago—except Western democracy and freedom from the Russians. Himself a Marxist, my acquaintance remarked that "perhaps we expected too much in 1956 . . . perhaps we were unrealistic." Trying to rationalize what has happened in the last 20 years and why Hungarians are politically passive nowadays, he and others made the point that the revolution was essentially against the Stalinist-like dictatorship of Mathyas Rakosi, then Hungary's Communist boss. Today, Rakosi is the symbol of everything that was wrong in the past.

Kadar himself has spoken of 1956 as "a national tragedy," and the effort here is to forget and forgive. An amnesty was granted in 1965 to all those who participated in the revolution, and Hungarian "freedom fighters" who fled abroad are free to return for good or for a visit. A friend of mine commented that "when the freedom fighters come to visit, they arrive in white Mercedes-Benzes they rent in Vienna." Another man remarked that "nobody now wants to remember who fought on which side." Kadar, who is a veteran of Rakosi's prisons, clearly enjoys considerable popularity. Anti-Communists acknowledge that within the context of Hungary's geopolitical realities, Kadar is the best that anyone could expect. Like Edward Gierek, his opposite number in Poland, and unlike other East European Communist leaders, Kadar works and lives in an unostentatious manner. There is nothing about Kadar that could remotely be described as a cult of personality; if anything, he shuns the limelight. But there is never a question as to who is boss.

Twenty years later, the key question is how Hungary has fared under Kadar. The simple answer is that it has done extremely well economically, certainly by Eastern European standards, but that it has not yet reached the degree of Marxist liberalism that exists in Poland; it probably will never do so under Kadar. The economy was liberalized and decentralized under the 1968 economic reforms which, among other things, provide considerable autonomy to managers of industrial and agricultural enterprises, and offers economic incentives to workers from the profits that these enterprises are expected to earn. While the Communist party and the government draft overall economic development plans, managers have full responsibility for production—qualitatively and quantitatively. As explained by a leading Hungarian economist, the reform means that "it is no longer necessary for the state to intervene in the daily life of enterprises. The state is the owner, but not the manager."

Market research facilities have been developed—Marxist economists here have no problem in using Western analytical tools and techniques—and enterprises are expected to be competitive and profitable. When the "Red Star Tractor Plant," for example, was performing inefficiently, it was merged with another tractor enterprise. In a well-managed enterprise, workers may receive an annual bonus representing a month's wages—an important incentive in a country where basic industrial and farm cooperative wages remain low in comparison with soaring costs of living.

This Socialist inflation (the word "inflation" is, of course, taboo here) has hit most industrial workers—60 percent of the Hungarian work force is now in industry—and white-collar employees in government offices on all levels. At the same time, however, it is enriching Hungary's "new bourgeoisie." As in most Communist countries, it is impossible to explain statistically how, for example, there can be so many private cars in Hungary if an imported Soviet Fiat costs 80,000 forints and an East German "Trabant" 40,000 forints, and a worker or a teacher earns around 3000 forints monthly in basic salary. "We have our ways," a Hungarian economist told me with a twinkle in his eye. One explanation is that husbands and wives both work.

Food is generally available in sufficient quality and quantity, although there are occasional shortages, especially in meat. Sometimes there are queues, short ones, at butcher shops. This is because, pressed for foreign currency, the government tends to export the best meat, just as it exports the best refrigerators (to France) and the best shoes (to the United States). This practice of exporting the best and leaving second-rate products for the folks at home is an increasingly serious problem besetting all of Eastern Europe, for these Communist-run societies are increasingly consumer-oriented and consumer-hungry. Their expectations have been raised by domestic propaganda that socialism *can* bring consumer satisfaction after the initial stage of industrialization and farm mechanization, a stage that has lasted 30 years. Hungarians, along with their neighbors, are getting tired of seeing their daily interests sacrificed to the official need to export for dollars or Deutsche marks so that the government can pay for the Western technology it wants to import.

Now that 46 percent of Hungary's trade is with the West and the underdeveloped countries (the balance is with the Soviet Union and other bloc countries), the question of exports to the West has become a vital one, especially since the Hungarian economy has been seriously hurt by the Western recession and the retrenchment in Western imports from the East. One may call it a Socialist contradiction, but the central fact is that Eastern European economies, including Hungary's, are inextricably tied to Western prosperity. At the same time, Hungary and the rest of this region remain heavily dependent on the Comecon, the Communist "common market," for its continuing development. The Soviet Union itself has growing difficulties in supplying Eastern Europe with such raw materials as oil. Hungary now has to buy 10 percent of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its crude oil from Iraq at inflated world prices, and the balance from the Russians at somewhat lower prices. Thus Hungary has accumulated one billion dollars in debts in the West since 1970; in order to maintain economic development, she must keep earning in the West through accelerated exports. The trend in all the Eastern European countries is to increase trade with the West while trade with the Soviets and with Comecon partners is decreasing and as a Hungarian economist remarked, "With this kind of reality, you've got to forget about ideology and Socialist solidarity."

The emphasis on economic relations with the West and Japan is demonstrated in the hotel business. With thousands of Western European, American and Japanese businessmen flocking to Eastern European capitals, it is virtually impossible to find a hotel room in Warsaw, Budapest or Bucharest, although the Intercontinental Hotels Company, an American chain, is building and managing huge modern hotels in all these cities. With the artificially low tourist rates in local currencies, a room in a modern hotel can run close to $60 a day. But the high cost of living affects the locals as well. In Hungary, which is relatively affluent, the government had to raise the price of meat by 25 percent last July to match the increased prices it must pay the producers. The payments to producers in the cooperatives had to be raised to avoid a drop in production; under the economic reforms, the producer is supposed to be profit-minded, and the government must deal with an essentially market economy.

The Kadar regime, however, was able to handle the meat increase in this country—where meat is consumed in vast quantities and in the best style—with more political skill than Gierek in Poland. Whereas the Polish government sprang a very sharp rise in meat prices on the Poles without advance notice last June (leading to riots and a rollback of the rise), Hungarian newspapers had been preparing the people for it since last January. When it came, Hungarians accepted it calmly. This is Kadar's way of doing business, and Hungarians were reminded of it last month in a speech by Istvan Sarlos, the general secretary of the National Council of the Peoples Patriotic Front (the regime's umbrella political organization), who observed that "People were not overjoyed, but at least they appreciated that the party and the government did not make decisions on issues of national importance without them." Kadar, on the podium, beamed quietly.

Taking the nation into its confidence on such matters obviously helps the regime politically, but there are very clear limits on what is said—or written—publicly about sensitive questions in Hungary. The Hungarian press toes the official line on every subject of domestic and foreign policy, but the average Hungarian is reasonably well-informed on world events from the newspapers, radio and television.

Western publications are available by subscription if foreign currency is available, but they are unobtainable on newsstands, despite provisions in the final documents of the 1975 summit conference on European security in Helsinki for a free dissemination of ideas. The jamming of foreign broadcasts had been abandoned by Hungary long before Helsinki.

In literature, the accent tends to be on the noncontroversial, although no writer can be harmed if he cranks out a novel praising socialism. I was told at the Hungarian Writers' Union, for example, that Hungarian writers support the policy of the Communist party. But it produced derisive smiles among some of my friends when I repeated this comment. Most Western books are translated into Hungarian. New works by Alexander Solzhenitsyn are, of course, taboo—the "Gulag" series, however, has reached Budapest in clandestine translations from Munich, and is widely read.

The attitude toward the Soviet Union (which stations troops in Hungarian territory) is one of official cordiality and quiet private disgust. As in most of Eastern Europe, anti-Soviet jokes abound in Budapest—after a Soviet fencer at the Montreal Olympics was caught using an electric tip on his sword, Hungarians began telling a complicated joke in which the punchline was that the difference between them and others in the world is that "We have confidence in Soviet weapons." This was an ironic allusion to the 1956 intervention, but open anti-Soviet sentiment is confined to this sort of story-telling. A writer I know remarked that "Since we have nothing good to say about the Russians, we just don't write books about the Soviet Union." At the Budapest railroad station, a man watched a Soviet train pulling out for Moscow and Leningrad, saying under his breath, "Farewell, comrades, just don't come back."

Aside from this special sentiment toward the Soviets, Hungary, again as much of Eastern Europe, is seeking to emphasize its history and national identity. With the regime encouraging a new kind of nationalism, a lot is written about Hungarian history and Hungary clearly seeks a legitimate place in world affairs.

Quite crucial is the insistence that the US return to Hungary the crown and jewels of Saint Stephen, taken by American troops in Germany at the end of the war. The crown has become a symbol of national identity, but for reasons that were never explained publicly, Washington still refuses to give it back or even say where it is being kept. Inasmuch as all the outstanding bilateral issues between the two governments were solved years ago, there is no visible leverage the United States can derive from holding the crown: Hungarians simply do not understand the American position.

Hungarians apparently have learned to accept the reality of Communist government and Soviet rule. Thus, 20 years after the revolution that failed, they have come to terms with the system, and with Kadar. But their heart is not there; it remains in the West.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Activists of the 1970s (II)

Working With Migrants

by Robert Coles & Tom Davey

Thousands of acres of rich farmland stretch between North Carolina's industrial Piedmont and its Atlantic coast beaches. In county after county—the names evoke the old South: Johnston, Lenoir, Beaufort—farmers grow table vegetables—cucumbers, bell peppers, corn, sweet potatoes—and, very important, a major share of this nation's tobacco, which is harvested in July, sent on to Durham or Winston-Salem and turned into millions of carcinogenic, highly profitable cigarettes. It is a land of relatively small farms, most about 100 acres, often passed down from generation to generation. It is the old South—rural, conservative, strong on patriotism. It is the South of winding dusty roads, lined by red clay, and just beyond that, the crops—everywhere the promise of growth—and here and there a weathered tobacco storage shed that tells of a farmer's vulnerability.

Farther back (out of sight, usually) are the other buildings—similarly old and "functional"—the camps. Over 400 migrant labor camps accommodate the approximately 10,000 migrant workers who make their way into North Carolina during the first part of June, when cucumbers are ripening, and stay until late November, when the last of the sweet potatoes get harvested. Actually, there is no accurate information on how many migrants come into the state or where and how they live. State officials admit they keep an eye on only one-half, at most, of the camps in the state.

This past summer a group of Duke University students tried to see for themselves how migrants live in North Carolina; tried to find out what, if anything, they could do to help; tried, also, to become familiar with the larger struggles—social, economic, political and not least, racial—that are very much connected to each migrant worker's grim condition. The students had read articles and books on the subject of "farm labor," particularly migrant labor. They almost inadvertently began to realize that migrants were at their very back door—a county or two away from Durham. "We didn't want to stop reading," one of them pointed out, as she thought back to the origins of the project. "Why do professors and deans say that we're at college to *learn*—as if you don't *learn* by going out to see how people live, what kind of jobs they have, what working conditions are like? We took books with us. We read a lot of articles and books before we left the neo-Gothic buildings of Duke. We interviewed state and federal officials—even a professor or two. We learned that way—*learned* that economics or sociology or political science can be taught at a major university without the students learning how thousands of people live a few miles away, and what their problems are, and what needs to be done if they are to live half-decent lives. We thought that rather than take a year to 'study in Europe,' we'd stay here and *learn*—from the people in North Carolina; and maybe in some way be of service to a few of them. We organized what we hope will be the start of a tradition here, and in other universities. The migrants go all over America. They're never far away from a college."

The students first had to obtain access to migrant labor camps. Growers are suspicious, and not impressed one bit by the academic credentials of students who knock on their doors. Growers do, however, respond, loud and clear, when asked their side of things. They respond often as the aggrieved one. Farming is no easy matter, they kept insisting; migrants get undue attention from "do-gooders." "And no one ever bothers to ask the farmer what he feels," one grower in Sampson County added, after getting a lot off his chest. Then he got off some more: "We're like anyone else working hard to make a living, so as to have a comfortable life. All those 'do-gooders' blame us for mistreating the migrants. Do the 'do-gooders' know that half of the migrants are alcoholics and the other half of them are running from the law? A lot are mental incompetents. They have different standards than we do. We give them a place to live and the crew leader feeds them, and that's better than being out on the streets. If we didn't have migrants, the nation would go hungry. We'd do all right down here; we can plant a garden, and survive. But the rest of the country would starve. People ought to think about their stomachs before they jump on us farmers. People ought to ask if they want to pay more for their food. If we pay the migrants more, we have to get more for our produce."

Argue with him; remind or show him that the "costs" of migrant labor are nothing compared to those of machinery, fertilizers, pesticides, not to mention the enormous take of various middle-men—the wholesalers and supermarket operators who really set

---

Robert Coles, a contributing editor, is the author of *Children of Crisis*, among other books. *Tom Davey* is a recent graduate of Duke University, and has worked with migrant farm workers in North Carolina.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

food prices. He knows only his own precarious situation—that of the small, independent farmer, in constant jeopardy, himself exploited by the distant manipulations and more than occasional irregularities of "the system." In a candid moment he mixes self-pity and fierce self-justification with discerning social analysis: "All right, I live good, and the migrants live bad. There's no denying that. But what about the people who criticize us—the college types, the liberals, the 'do-gooders,' we call them? Isn't everyone profiting from someone? Here it's out in the open. What about the guy who collects his stock dividends, or the college that lives off those dividends—from the agribusinesses, that really run the Department of Agriculture in Washington?

"It's easy to pick on me, and call me no good. I'm a little guy; I'm nothing. Why don't you people go checking into oil companies and mining companies? How about the textile companies over there in Greensboro, or the tobacco companies? You think they're in business for fun? You think they're giving all their money away to the workers? You don't even see unions down here, not many of them. Do they teach you why in college? Do they teach you the truth—that the little farmer is in the same boat as the migrants? We're both small-fry. The bigger you get, the less is known about the way you make your money—and keep it, the tax laws see to that. If you get big enough, you even get to be a trustee of a college."

he stuff of populism and of class consciousness—from a man who voted for and still supports the unqualified, unrelenting conservative Senator Jesse Helms. As for that farmer's camp, it is like the others, as the students on the Duke Migrant Project soon enough learned. One of them, in a journal, described what he saw: "The camps lack facilities and conveniences I've just taken for granted, I guess, as every American's. There aren't screens to keep out flies and mosquitoes; there aren't adequate shower facilities, so that lines of people wait to wash themselves after working 10 to 12 hours in a hot, dusty field; there aren't decent toilet facilities, and sometimes it's a choice between a dirty outhouse or the field. There's no privacy; bedrooms are crowded and the rooms poorly ventilated. According to figures provided by the Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association [an agency set up in 1965 to provide essential services to migrants] way over half of the migrants in the state have 'serious' to 'critical' problems, so far as housing goes. They live in houses that are unsafe, unsanitary, dangerous; and a lot of times, even condemned—for all the good it's done. The sheriffs know which laws to enforce and which ones to forget about."

The students then sought out officials of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), a division of the Department of Labor charged with the responsibility of inspecting migrant housing and keeping standards. In almost every camp the standards were not met; one OSHA official acknowledged that 95 percent of the known camps were "in violation." And the agency is, at best, ineffectual. Of the 400 known labor camps, only 30 percent are inspected, and only 15 percent of those camps are inspected a second or third time at a later date—an utterly necessary follow-up. For every officially registered camp there is another that no one ever inspects; only 1.5 to 2.25 percent of the total number of labor camps in North Carolina are given more than a single, and sometimes all too cursory, once-over.

Moreover, as the students emphasized in their reports, the so-called "gravity factors," designed to register the seriousness of a violation, are based on industrial safety hazards rather than health hazards created by inadequate housing. The migrant laborers must be protected not only from positive danger; they must also be protected from living conditions that are so adverse that they are unhealthy and inhumane. The regulations ought be designed to compel growers to provide migrant laborers with decent housing. If the Labor Department continues to regard migrant housing as a network of factories, then labor camps will, at best, become "injury proof" tenements—places without poison gas, or exposed electrical circuits. Unfortunately, some migrant housing lacks *any* electricity or gas, so there is no chance of *that* kind of danger. As for cases in which violations have been recorded, compliance with regulations is voluntary, no less—left to the grower's discretion. Why? The astonishing answer from federal officials does make a certain kind of sense: "To offset the limited number of inspectors as compared with the large number of inspections they must perform."

With such facts and statements in mind, the students testified at the Labor Department OSHA public hearings held in Raleigh in mid-July. Two undergraduates, in particular, described the camps they and others had visited and insisted that all of the known camps at a minimum be inspected; that camps cited for violations be inspected, repeatedly; that the "gravity system" determining the seriousness of violations be reconsidered. They ended their appeal this way: "We have been shocked by substandard living conditions we have found in the migrant camps in North Carolina. And we have begun asking why these conditions are present, why they are being allowed to continue, and what can be done to alleviate them. The OSHA standards can provide some protection for the migrants, some limited guarantee against wretched conditions. But our findings make it clear that this can be done only if the requirements are specific, detailed, and made the basis for action on the part of the federal government."

And only the federal government. It is all very nice, and these days quite the rage, to talk about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weaknesses or excesses of the central government as compared with the virtues of "the local level." But what goes on at that level in the rural South, in Appalachia, in the Southwest or Alaska? What have blacks, Kentucky and West Virginia yeomen, Indians and Chicanos and Eskimos experienced at the hands of "local" officials—sheriffs and deputy sheriffs, and welfare investigators and agricultural agents, and not least, voting registrars—the whole lot of bureaucrats who fill up those courthouses the breadth of the land? To whom, exactly, are such people "responsive"? Whose interests do they serve? One student in the Duke Migrant Project, headed for law school as a result of his work with migrants, made this observation in a final report: "The old problem of political patronage determines the way migrants are treated. They are viewed as aliens and criminals on 'the local level.' Most of the programs designed to deal with migrants are locally administered—even if federally financed. But justice and relief from the problems that afflict migrants are not forthcoming at 'the local level.' For example, in Johnston County, North Carolina, the health inspector is the son of a grower, the sheriff is the brother of a grower, as is another county commissioner. How else, except for *mandatory* federal standards and enforcement procedures, to get around such 'coincidences?'"

Then, there is the matter of health—a devastating spectacle for the students to witness. In many camps the students saw small children with ugly sores on their arms and legs, with a variety of untreated, chronic illnesses, and in almost every case, badly infested with parasitic worms. Often those children are left to themselves, while both parents try to make as much money as they can in a brief harvest time. The students brought the children and their parents to local health clinics—created especially to deal with migrants, but sorely in need of funds. (Many migrants have never heard of the clinics, and have no way to get to them if they had.) As for "dental hygiene," rotten teeth are the rule. The only service local dentists could offer was to pull teeth, often done without benefit of anaesthesia. The students kept finding among county health officials—again that "local level"—a sadly consescending, indifferent or contemptuous attitude: the migrants are ignorant, a burden, "different."

hey are indeed different. The average annual income of a migrant farm worker is a little over $2500. He or she is lucky to keep one-third of that. It is the crew leader who brings migrants north, south, east, west. It is the crew leader who all too often controls almost every facet of their lives—treats grown men and women as peons. Even when obviously in pain and seriously ill, a migrant must ask for the crew leader's permission to look for help. The crew leader has the car, the money, the power, as a woman told one of us: "You don't see a doctor when you need to. The crew leader won't take you. He'd rather see you out in the fields, even if you're going to drop dead—because he's making money off you, and if you have to leave to see a doctor, that's less money in the pocket of the crew leader. He watches you when you're well to see that you're working fast. And he keeps his eye on you when you're sick—to make sure you get out in the fields. A lot of people in this camp need to see a doctor, but they're not even going to admit they're in pain. Here you just cry and cry—and show up when the crew leader's truck shows up. And you have no choice. You pay that $35 each week."

The pay supposedly covers the cost of cheap, starchy meals—often prepared by the crew leader's wife. The arrangement not only means a tidy profit for the crew leader, but is another guarantee that the migrant is virtually indentured. In many states only those who prepare their own food are eligible for food stamps. Even when a migrant is sick, without work because of the weather, on the road or idle, he pays the crew leader for food, transportation and all sorts of odds and ends. And he pays through the nose: "Before I can collect my pay each week, this crew leader has already taken $35 for food, even if I haven't eaten every meal—and you should see the meals, and you should see what happens if you complain. He'll pull a gun on you. He'll threaten you with the grower, who'll threaten you with the sheriff. They'll lock you up; they'll call you a drunk, or say you're in debt, and you won't get out until you pay up. Who's ever heard of going to a lawyer?"

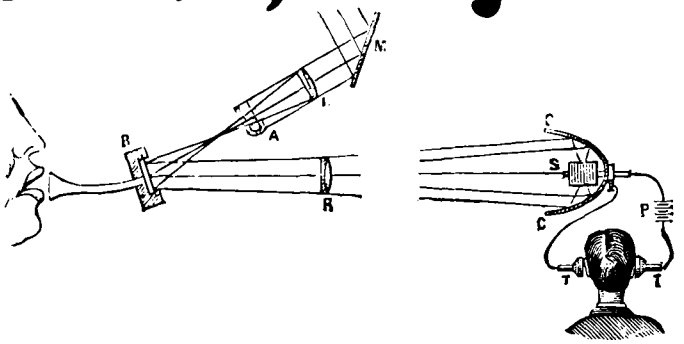
He was asked why he didn't go to a lawyer. After his anger subsided, he continued his story of fear and sadness and pain and constant, illegal personal abuse: "He charges us 75 cents for a pack of cigarettes (and we're the ones picking the tobacco for those cigarettes), and in this state they only cost 35 cents in a store; he charges 25 cents for a cup of coffee—and what coffee!—and over a dollar for every drink, and it's no good wine. How can a man have any money left, with expenses like that? My first two weeks here I didn't make any money—not one penny! On payday I found out that I owed money to the crew leader. I work all week long, and who do I end up working for? Everyone but myself! Last week I finally got paid—$4.20. Four dollars and 20 cents! I came up here thinking I would make some money, and instead I'm going into debt faster than I can get out! And who's keeping the books! He sits there and tells us what we owe, and that's it! That's freedom for you! Is there any difference between now and when there was slavery?"

Some migrants have it a little better; in some counties of North Carolina and other states, there is a little evidence of concern. One of the Duke students, upset and outraged by what she had seen, went to the Health Department of Nash County, North Carolina, in search of a job—any job that would allow her to help migrants. She was hired and became responsible for approximately 1000 migrants in the county. She spends her days driving to camps, seeing migrants and driving them to

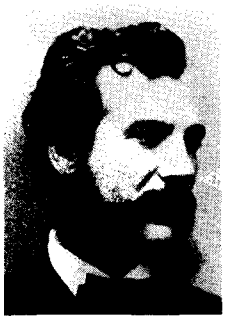
(continued on page 21)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's next, Professor Bell?



The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.



Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".

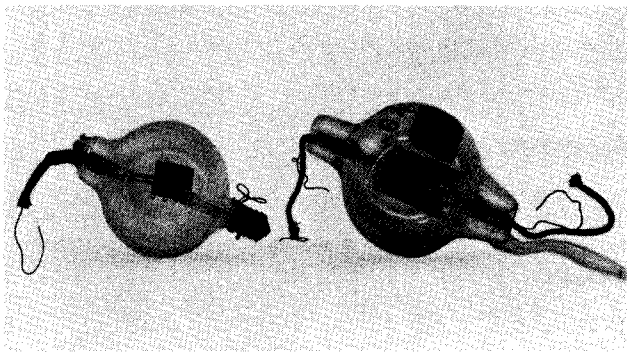
For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone

In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

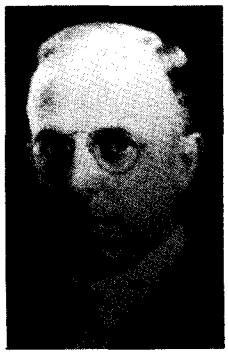
By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."



Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of



H. D. Arnold

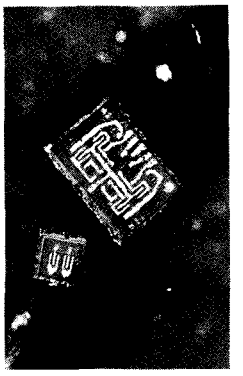
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dollars necessary to search for it.

The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

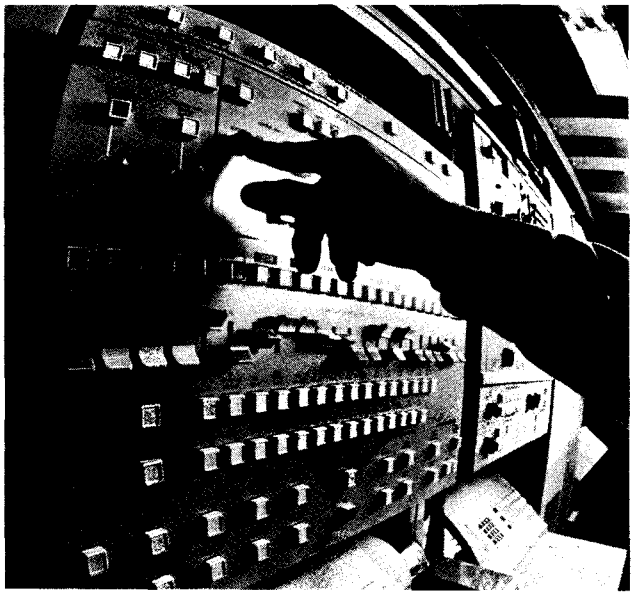
The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.



The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.



Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

Such cooperation produces results.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry

Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doctors when necessary. She has become a bit weary, reflective: "The medical and dental needs of migrants are overwhelming. We could keep the Duke Medical Center busy for a long time. But there's no money, no doctors—not for migrants. I am responsible for the county's entire population of migrants, but I don't have the time to see all of them. And what can I do without funds? And then there's the harrassment. One day it's a crew leader who beats up 'his' migrants—and sells them rotgut at champagne prices, and keeps a prostitute or two around, also for sale. The next day it's one migrant after another who's sick, so sick they all belong in hospitals—vomiting blood, or coughing their lungs up or complaining of bad pain someplace; and I don't know what to do, except complain and try to tell the county people what I'm seeing. They know, in the back of their heads, what I'm seeing; but they don't want to be told."

After two months of working with migrants the Duke students were thoroughly demoralized, but also full of ideas and plans. No people in America are more vulnerable or exploited than migrant farm workers. They are treated unfavorably or ignored outright by federal laws that regulate the minimum wage and protect the right of workers to organize into unions and bargain collectively. College students cannot in one summer's time change these economic facts in the slightest. In the South, especially, migrants are very much on their own—deprived, even, of the large, sympathetic liberal constituency a state like California gave Cesar Chavez and his co-workers. Political organizers have insisted in recent years that outsiders who come and go don't help the poor in ghettoes or rural areas much, and maybe even cause harm: they are just slumming as *noblesse oblige*, or as a privileged (and self-congratulatory) exercise in "field work." And it can indeed be confusing for a community when well-to-do, university people arrive, so full of *their* plans and ideas—and often enough, implicitly, if not outspokenly condescending, arrogant, contemptuous of the hopes, fears, worries of various benighted "victims."

In the other hand, among some poor people, and especially among migrants, the issue is not only indifference, apathy and ignorance, but a stong, paralyzing and quite intelligent fear: one protests, one tries to persuade others to protest, and one promptly ends up in jail. Anyone who has seen what those county jails are like in eastern North Carolina (or central Florida, where many thousands of migrants spend their version of the winter under a warm sun) knows what a sheriff meant when he told one Duke student this summer to "watch out." The point was not to intimidate the student personally; the sheriff was smart enough to avoid doing that. The point was to remind a sensitive youth that she could always leave, but that others were not so free.

The student was not intimidated, however. She had learned a few things—as students are supposed to do. She had begun to understand, after 10 weeks of hard work—as migrants do, sunup to sundown—that the sheriff and the growers of a particular county were also frightened, hence their constant threats and insults. The one friendly grower she had met told her why: "Even the textile workers can't organize in this state. How do you expect migrants to do anything for themselves without being slapped down? No one here gets worried too much about what the state officials say, or even those federal inspectors. They're not backed up; they don't have tough laws behind them. But when a lot of students come here, people get nervous. You don't just arrest students. No telling who the person is you're arresting, and what will come of it. They go poking around, making friends with the migrants, teaching their kids, helping them get food stamps or taking them to a doctor or a dentist—and what will they do next? That's what the sheriff and his cronies (the meanest growers in the world, some of them) begin to wonder about. If there was a group of students—it doesn't have to be a large one—hanging around growers in every state, we'd probably behave better. We'd shout a lot; but we'd watch ourselves, too."

Dozens of migrant children are at least a little better educated because of the efforts of a group of Duke students. Dozens of migrants are in better health, too. (A government-supported survey found that about half of the state's migrants suffer "serious" or "critical" nutritional deficiencies, and almost *all* are in medical jeopardy for one reason or another.) Likewise, further documentation—for example, on problems of housing and sanitation—has been done, made public, reported by the press. Nevertheless, a long tradition of muckraking journalism, not to mention fat books, scholarly and reportorial, have done little for hundreds of thousands of wandering and ostracized people.

"Their Eyes Were Watching God," said Zora Huston in her neglected, powerful novel about migrant life of the 1930s. Theirs are "The Grapes of Wrath," said John Steinbeck in his much better-known story of the same decade. Now, almost half a century later, the same outrageous conditions prevail. Gerald Ford finds no apparent inclination to be nice or amiable toward migrants, or millions of other poor or working people. One doubts that even the idea of a dole for migrants would interest him, or his not especially compassionate vice presidential nominee. If their opponents win, however, it will be quite another story; Senator Mondale—who for years headed a Senate Migratory Labor Subcommittee and advocated strong legislative initiatives on behalf of migrants—and Gov. Carter, too, have shown themselves to be responsive to the problems of the poor, not least the down-and-out poor, the poorest of the poor, the migrant poor who are denied even welfare and food stamps. For migrants there is a real, in some instances life-saving, choice this November—and not one that amounts to picking the lesser of two evils.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Small Change
(New World)

Edvard Munch
(New Yorker)

Children have been one of François Truffaut's specialties, almost as recurrent in his work as crazy women. His films have fluctuated—shockingly—in interest and integrity, even in fluency: the liquid flow of the Truffaut style has occasionally curdled. But when children were on screen, he was obviously happy. Up to now he has used his love of children while en route to something that this love implemented, as in *Les Mistons*, *The 400 Blows*, *The Wild Child* and briefly in the disaster of *Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me*. Now he has made a film *about* his love of children, not really a plotted and cumulative story but a series of vignettes; and it's as if a chef had isolated the vanilla extract from his baking and was forcing it on you by the spoonful.

The picture fixes on an elementary school for boys (so there are immediate echoes of Vigo's *Zéro de conduite*), but there are also some girls in it and some babies. The place is Thiers, a pretty hill town in central France, and the intent is to course through the lives of children in that place. Truffaut is fairly successful with the communal feeling, the sense that these children are bound both by their lives in school and—which is usually untrue in cities—by the interrelated lives of their families outside.

Some of the episodes have charm, organic and unforced. A sequence about a 13-year-old's crush on the blond mother of a school chum is filled with that pleasure in romantic adoration that is one of Truffaut's best qualities. A teacher accompanies his wife into the delivery room to take pictures of their first child being born but is so wonderstruck that he cannot click the camera. A boy and a girl at a summer camp are happily tricked into kissing each other. But much of the film strains banally to *be* charming, as in a dreadfully trite sequence in a movie theater, with a forward boy and a backward boy and two girls who want to neck; or in the schoolroom and schoolyard shenanigans. One episode, about a baby who falls out a window several stories high and lands unhurt, is evidently based on the kind of freak non-accident one reads about occasionally, but it's neither pleasant nor remotely relevant to the picture. (Unless Truffaut means to imply that Providence watches over all infants on window ledges, in which case this film should be burned.)

Even the episode of a "wild" boy who lives in a shack, who steals and hustles, and who turns out to be the son and grandson of two brutal drunkards, is observed in a way that makes one guarded rather than sympathetic. This boy's story is handled with such heavy intimations that his actions are not the whole of his character, with such heavy contrasts with the other boys, that we're conscious of Truffaut orchestrating a mixture in his ensemble. There's also a distinct trace in this strand of modified and projected self-pity, Truffaut dilating on his well-known unhappy childhood at another angle.

The film moves toward a speech that wallows in absolutely degraded child-worship, if not audience-licking. The (male) teacher who has been a locus of sympathy for us learns the facts about the battered "wild" boy and regales his class with a long talk, just before they take off on vacation, about bringing up children. "If you love them, they will love you" and similar gems. The highpoint of the speech is an apparently serious argument for child suffrage: if children had the vote, conditions for children would improve. Right. And there would be no cruelty or beastliness in the world, as anyone who knows children will gladly testify. In fact, why not put a wide-eyed, angel-faced child in charge of the panic button for nuclear war?

But aside from the arrant sentimentality of much of Truffaut's text (written with Suzanne Schiffman), the picture is depressed by the self-imitation of his filmmaking: the opening iris-in, the wipes. His eye for color has never been worse: the boys' shirts, even their shorts in the physical exam scene, are chosen in a way that only draws attention to their variety, as in bad musical numbers.

The crusher, however, is the thematic emptiness. Truffaut has little more to offer here than have most kiddie calendars or greeting cards or those old newsreels of children and puppies that made the audience go "Aaaah." He simply wants to love children in front of us and to have us admire the way he loves them. When he "froze" the face of young Antoine at the end of *The 400 Blows*, he deepened our perception of childhood's anguish. But *Small Change* is just one more kind of exploitation film, a long handkerchief-haul from his own best treatment of children. And, just to limit discussion to France, it's not in the same stratosphere with such gems about children as Duvivier's *Poil de carotte* or Benoit-Levy's *La Maternelle*.

Edvard Munch is a Norwegian film directed by an Englishman, a sort of re-created "documentary" about the formative years of the painter. It has been hailed as one of the best screen treatments of artistic creativity. All I really got out of it was the director's efforts to be creative himself, and since he is Peter Watkins, who made such affected claptrap as *Privilege* and *Punishment Park*, the spectacle is dispiriting. True, *Edvard Munch* is better than those two, which were like Ken Russell castoffs, but it's not as good (even) as the best Watkins work I've seen, his BBC film on the Battle of Culloden.

He wants to show us how Munch became the tormented painter of tormented paintings. The film opens in Christiana in 1884 when Munch was 21.

Films Worth Seeing

The Clockmaker. From Simenon. Deeply textured, if politically glib, French drama about the father of a murderer and the detective in charge of the case.

Cousin, Cousine. French fantasy posing as realistic comedy about two 30-ish people having an affair. Highly enjoyable, utterly incredible.

The Memory of Justice. Another very long, very intelligent film essay by the author of *The Sorrow and the Pity*. This one, based on the Nuremberg trials, is not as completely realized as *Sorrow*—still a rare treat for the eye and mind.

Silent Movie. When you can't hear Mel Brooks, he has some charm. His best film, fairly filled with fun.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Almost three hours later, what with all the flashbacks and flashing sideways, we have arrived only at 1908. (Munch died in 1944.) But we are supposed to have seen what made this painter a leader of expressionism.

Watkins' approach to his explanation is intense, God knows, and sincere, mostly. His principal technique is incessant cutting: it's a long scene here that runs 10 seconds. By this bitsy mosaic method, much of which is subliminal of the past, Watkins wants to keep before us various strands of Munch's conscious and unconscious. (Interminable interwoven shots, for instance, of the boy Edvard coughing blood when he was in bed with tuberculosis.) The voice-over also gives us considerable social-cultural data of the years through which Munch was living, such as the fact that Volume II of *Das Kapital* was published in 1885, on the theory apparently that the world that produced these events was also affecting Munch's art. And we get lots of shots of Munch at work, sometimes scoring a painting with the handle of his brush, sometimes painting out and starting over. And we get huge close-ups of paint coming out of tubes, of wood being gouged by a chisel.

All this febrile editing, this imposition of peripheral data, this shoving of the camera right up against things and faces, does little more than convey Watkins' own excitement-for-sale. Why Munch, played mostly with impassivity by Geir Westby, turned out differently from or better than his contemporaries is left where it was at the start: a mystery.

Still this film doesn't do much worse than most artworks about artists and their creativity. I once saw a play about Wagner in which he embraced Mathilde Wesendonk, cried "I've got it," strode over to the piano, and whammed out the opening bars of the "Liebestod." That's more or less what the rendition of creativity comes to most of the time. The one exception I think of takes place, coincidentally, in Christiania at just about this time, Knut Hamsun's great novel *Hunger*. The film that was made of it in 1968 did much more with the subject of genius than *Edvard Munch*, but that was because of Per Oscarsson's wonderful performance as the protagonist and the director's reliance on that performance. I can't imagine Watkins, busy-busy as he is, "turning over" a film to an actor.

Incidentally, the incessant use of two-shots and close-ups, the lumpy discursive structure, and the occasional fades to black suggest that *Edvard Munch* was made as a series for TV and is assembled here, though I haven't seen this matter mentioned anywhere.

B.H. Haggin on Music

The Deprived Concertgoer

Each of the world's major museums owns only part of the accumulated great art of the past; but it can keep that part on view permanently. On the other hand, although the printed copies of all the great music of the past are available to every opera company, symphony orchestra, choral group, string quartet and solo performer, the fact that a musical work, to be experienced, must be performed means that only a comparatively small number of works of the past can be exhibited on one season, and the entire literature can be exhibited only in rotation. With each performer and impresario making his own selection of works for the season, the rotation is unsystematized and results in some of the greatest works of the greatest composers being heard rarely or not at all. And the situation is worse today than it was years ago.

Toscanini, in his years with the New York Philharmonic and NBC Symphony (1926 to 1954), did occasionally put on a Beethoven cycle that offered all the symphonies with some of the other instrumental works and even the *Missa Solemnis* and *Fidelio*; and he did the same with Brahms. But though he listened with delight to Haydn's last symphonies and even spoke of them as being more interesting than Mozart's, he didn't put on a Haydn cycle of the entire final

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE of INDIANA INSURANCE COMPANY

Serving America's Union Families

The American Income Philosophy

. . . to recognize what is and what can be

. . . to know where we are and where we are going

. . . to dream big and implement realistically

. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

Our company operates under the free enterprise system and is basically like other insurance companies. There is one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force, and our agents all are union members and are covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 15% fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $70 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

Our successful struggle for a place in the insurance market is living proof that a company which has union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of a union contract and union wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—A UNION LABEL COMPANY SERVING AMERICAN UNION FAMILIES. IT IS PUBLICLY OWNED WITH 4800 STOCK HOLDERS AND WITH ASSETS IN EXCESS OF 70 MILLION DOLLARS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE AN ANNUAL REPORT, WRITE TO KENNETH W. PHILLIPS, VICE PRESIDENT AND CONTROLLER, P.O.B. 208, WACO, TEXAS 76703.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

incandescent series of Nos. 92 to 104; nor did he perform all of them as part of the rotated repertory, but only Nos. 88, 92, 94, 98, 99, 101 and 104. Though music-lovers owed their familiarity with Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* and *Harold in Italy* to his repeated performances of them, he did not perform the *Requiem*, *Les Nuits d'Eté* or the *Symphonie Fantastique*. And though he performed the other major orchestral works of Debussy repeatedly, he never once performed the extraordinary *Rondes de Printemps*. Yet, even with these and other omissions his programs offered more of the great music of the past than those of recent years, simply because he performed almost none of the new music that had begun to pre-empt an increasing part of orchestral programs even before Pierre Boulez, as newly appointed musical director of the New York Philharmonic, set out to make "the music of our own time . . . an integral part of our concert life."

In this connection it must be noted that whereas London's National Gallery and Paris' Louvre exhibit only their collections of art of the past, with music there has been no such isolation of old from new: even in earlier years the orchestras established to perform music of the 18th and 19th centuries offered an occasional later or contemporary work. But even Stokowski and Koussevitzky usually included only one such work in a program; whereas Boulez, in his first years with the Philharmonic, did the reverse, offering one old work in a program of works of this century—a number by Debussy and Stravinsky that are the century's great classics, with many that did not merit even the one performance.

Moreover the Philharmonic's presentation of old music was affected by other ideas of Boulez's. He doesn't believe that one can experience a work of art by and for itself—*i.e.*, by perceiving its own particular organization of its own particular elements. For him experiencing it requires perceiving how it is related to, and influenced by, other works of art; and, therefore, just as a museum must exhibit a Rembrandt with other paintings of the period that enable one to understand why the Rembrandt is a masterpiece, so a concert, for the same reason, must offer with a great work of Bach a lesser work by Telemann. With this I disagree: the relation of the Rembrandt to other paintings, or of the Bach work to one by Telemann, is an additional fact about it which may be interesting to know; but the quality and effect of the work of Rembrandt or Bach is experienced directly and solely from that work itself. And the importance of this is that when Boulez did offer in a number of Philharmonic programs what he called a "retrospective" of Haydn, in which he could have given Philharmonic subscribers an opportunity to hear all the final Symphonies Nos. 92 to 104, he gave them only Nos. 95 and 96 and the equally fine No. 86, with five earlier symphonies, of which Nos. 21, 26 and 31 are works of minor consequence in themselves and not, as he believed, necessary for appreciation of Nos. 86, 95 and 96.

Worse still, this obsession with relations and influences caused him to offer in a retrospective of Liszt the large works of his that are not performed today, which Boulez thought Philharmonic subscribers should hear because their influence on the music of other composers was something one needed to know in order to appreciate that other music. But I contend that appreciation of the other music is not increased by listening to works of Liszt that are not performed today because audiences in the past found them deadly dull. ("[Liszt's] devotion to serious composition," Bernard Shaw wrote after performances of the *Dante Symphony* and *Saint Elisabeth*, "seems as hopeless a struggle against natural incapacity as Benjamin Haydon's determination to be a great painter.") And a retrospective of Stravinsky was rendered worthless by the fact that it let Philharmonic subscribers hear the wholly derivative and undisciplined Symphony Op. 1, the transitional *Fireworks*, and the first work, *Firebird*, in which the Stravinsky powers asserted themselves impressively, but not the overwhelming original *Petrushka* and *Le Sacre du Printemps* that followed; the uninteresting *Rossignol* and ugly *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, but not such major achievements in their different ways as *Oedipus Rex*, *Apollo* and one of Stravinsky's greatest scores, *Le Baiser de la Fée*, unique in its beautifully wrought, expressive and dramatically imaginative writing; a number of inconsequential, unattractive or downright ugly pieces, but not the delightful *Jeu de Cartes* and *Danses Concertantes*, the moving *Orpheus*—all of which provided a highly distorted account of Stravinsky's work.

The public also is deprived of much of the great chamber music of the past. All of Beethoven's quartets are heard constantly; also all of Mozart's but much less frequently. Of Schubert's great three, however, only *Death and the Maiden* is familiar to concert-goers: the Guarneri Quartet's recent performances of Op. 29 and Op. 161 were the first in my experience since the Budapest Quartet's. But it is far worse with Haydn, whose method of "dramatic surprise at the moment" (Tovey), in which he makes use of extraordinary powers of invention, produces superb writing in his approximately 45 major quartets from Op. 20 to Op. 77, and attains sheer incandescence in a number of them—*e.g.* Op. 20 Nos. 4 and 5, Op. 33 No. 3, Op. 54 Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 74 No. 2, Op. 77 No. 2. Incredible as it may seem, the Guarneri Quartet's recent performances of Op. 20 Nos. 4 and 5 were the first of any of these incandescent works that I had heard since the early '50s, when Alexander Schneider assembled a quartet which performed all of Haydn's quartets at the YMHA in New York (in preparation for recording by the Haydn Society that was not completed). And of all 45 I can think of 10 that may have been performed in New York since the Schneider series; which leaves approximately 35 that concert-goers haven't heard.

And finally Boccherini, contemporary with Haydn and Mozart, but exhibiting the operation of a strikingly, fascinatingly and delightfully individual mind in musical ideas and procedures different from theirs. Of his large number of string quartets and his 113 string

The fountain pen that never went out of style

Classics never go out of style. The Pelikan 120 is the great classic fountain pen from Germany, long a favorite of European pen purists. (Now available in America.)

Large visible ink chamber. Convenient screw-plunger filling mechanism. Controlled ink flow. In elegant all-black or two-tone black and green. Choice of ultra-smooth extra fine, fine or medium standard nibs. Also fine, medium, broad or medium oblique italic nibs.

Only $10.00 at artist material and pen shops as well as college book stores. Or send your check to Pentalic Corporation, 132 West 22nd St., New York, N.Y. 10011. State color and nib preference. Add 50¢ for handling.

Pelikan 120

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quintets (with second cello) I have heard only the Quartet Op. 6 No. 1 performed by the Quartetto Italiano 30 years ago and the Quintet Op. 17 No. 1 at a concert of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center several years ago.

Having added the quintets to the quartets of Boccherini, I will also add to the string quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert *their* rarely heard great chamber works for other instrumental groups: Haydn's trios for piano, violin and cello, of which only a few have been performed recently, and his keyboard sonatas, none of which have been performed, as far as I know; Mozart's String Quintet K.515 in G minor, and the fine Quintets K.593, 614 and 406, his Trio K.498 for clarinet, viola and piano, his Violin Sonatas K.454, 481 and 526; Beethoven's String Quintet Op. 29, his Piano Trio Op. 70 No. 2, his Violin Sonatas Op. 30 Nos. 1 and 3 and Op. 96, his Cello Sonatas Op. 102 Nos. 1 and 2; Schubert's Piano Trio Op. 100 and his Octet.

All this provides a basis for evaluating what the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center has done in carrying out its declared aim of presenting "the greatest chamber music," which it described further as ranging "from the familiar to the rarely heard to the new," with the rarely heard to include "compositions requiring unusual combinations of instruments and voices." The statements appeared to promise programs in which the familiar and the rarely heard would be great works and would include the many rarely performed works of Haydn, Mozart, Schubert and Boccherini that I mentioned earlier, and the new would be works of sufficient musical value or interest to justify their being performed and listened to. But in the actual programs this promise has been fulfilled only with the few familiar works, which have been masterpieces of the great composers I have mentioned—among them Mozart's G-minor String Quintet K.516 and Clarinet Quintet K.581, Beethoven's Quartets Op. 130 and Op. 132 and Piano Trio Op. 97 (*Archduke*), Schubert's String Quintet Op. 163 (with second cello) *Death and the Maiden* Quartet and Piano Trio Op. 99. The unfamiliar has been not only what the programs have offered for the most part, but what the Society's artistic director, Charles Wadsworth, appears to have thought of as works mostly by composers other than the best-known Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, and written for other combinations than the four strings of the quartets Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert wrote. That was bad enough; but in addition he appears to have chosen the works without the guidance of a sense of value, on the basis, instead, of an erroneous assumption that any and all "rarely heard compositions requiring unusual combinations of instruments and voices" were the great works that had been promised. For the rarely played music with which he has filled the programs has included some works by the great masters, among them a few of the great works I mentioned earlier, but others as uninteresting or inconsequential as the preponderant number by lesser composers ranging from Mendelssohn and Schumann all the way down to Wieniaswki, Moszkowski and Popper. That is, the rarely heard have been not only Beethoven's fine String Quintet Op. 29 but his uninteresting Quartet Op. 16 for piano and winds and his inconsequential folk-song arrangements for mezzo-soprana, violin, cello and piano; not only Mozart's great String Quintets K.515 and 406 and fine Trio K.498 for clarinet, viola and piano, but his uninteresting Duo K.424 for violin and viola and Violin Sonata K.377; and in addition Mendelssohn's uninteresting Cello Sonata in D, Schumann's uninteresting Violin Sonata Op. 121 and five duets for soprano and tenor, Saint-Saën's lightweight Caprice on Danish and Russian Airs for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano, Poulenc's inconsequential Sextet for piano and winds, and many others like them. As for Haydn, Boccherini and Schubert, an inquiry in 1974 elicited the information that in the Society's five seasons one major quartet of Haydn, Op. 77 No. 1, had been performed in addition to a quartet for guitar and strings, a trio for 2 flutes and cello, one for flute, cello and piano, and one for strings; also Boccherini's String Quintet Op. 17 No. 1 and Quintet in E minor for guitar and strings; but not Schubert's Quartet Op. 161, which I had inquired about. There have been programs with not one major work by a major composer to balance the unfamiliar minor or inconsequential pieces.

As for the new works by contemporary composers, the only one I heard, commissioned by the Society, Colgrass' *New People* for mezzo-soprano, viola and piano, I found to be not worth the work expended on it by the performers and the attention of the audience. And I suspect I would have thought the same of the others I didn't hear.

It is clear from the Society's continuing existence that many people accept what it offers as being in fact the great chamber music it claims to offer. But I am sure there are many others like the music-lover I know who canceled his subscription after the first season and was content to get the rarely performed great works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Boccherini and Schubert that he wanted from phonograph records.

W.T. Lhamon, Jr. on Jazz & Rock

Benson, Braxton and the Beach Boys

By late summer, George Benson's *Breezin'* (Warner Bros. BS2919) was at the top of the soul and jazz sales charts. Its single, "This Masquerade," was at the top of the pop singles charts. And when the record made the pop album list, it was clear that this jazz enjoyed unnatural profits. Indeed, suddenly at the apex of his usually underpaid profession, Benson bought a metallic-brown Mercedes—the perfect complement to his rich, easy-riding sound. He has made lots of records, but *Breezin'* is Benson's first for Warner Bros. and part of their own first batch of jazz in years. What's going on? And who's to blame?

The babies that helped generate rock in the '50s boomed a while back. The largest bulk of the youth culture has passed its rites and is several intersections down the road—past single-family dwellings, icebox payments, career starts, marriage falters and the rest. Thus, young men and women are again strolling the malls. But they have new tastes beyond the ones record moguls turned to profits in their own time. Consumer choices have shrunk since rock wrung out the spongy pop called Middle of the Road, or, MOR. There's no MOR; and Snooky Lanson, onetime star of "Your Hit Parade," was last seen

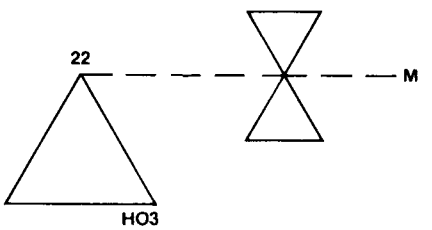
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selling used cars in Nashville. So young people are window-shopping, yes, but too often passing by the mirrored record stores. No wonder, then, that Jethro Tull laments, "I'm too old to rock 'n' roll, but I'm too young to die." And no wonder the industry magazines write about the "savvy" it takes to sell records to "over 30s."

These potential buyers have acquired interests in technique and process from their new careers, values which are the flipside of the AM radio distortion they preferred as students. They like the immaculate engineering that underwrites Benson's fountains of cool, linear riffs. They like Benson's steady and reassuring rhythms and the instrumentation, which includes strings and a bag of sweeteners. At the title tune's beginning Benson's guitar scourges the chirping synthesizers and singsong strings: not even the mock-natural is allowed in this record's sound. Surely, the intent is to show Benson in control, but in fact, the record is devoid of character. A masterpiece of pop production, *Breezin'* perfectly expresses the reverie of control hovering over the new boom states from Florida to California, those which Kirk Sale grudgingly labels the Southern Rim.

Benson lends his talent to all this processing, but the man responsible for producing it is Tommy LiPuma. Benson calls LiPuma a "perfectionist," recording discs for eternity's sake. But LiPuma stakes this record to the moment. Variations on LiPuma's astute mix of pop, rock and club-jazz appear on two other albums he's produced for Warner Bros.—Al Jarreau's *Glow* (MS 2248) and Michael Frank's *The Art of Tea* (MS 2230). LiPuma's processed control on all three is a patent fantasy among listeners that points to its opposite: a confused limbo of taste. Since producers are always ascendant when public taste is in limbo, look for more such products to be selling well. Dance to it all with a laidback hustle, perferably on the kitchen linoleum, surrounded by formica, sipping icewater from the metallic-brown refrigerator door, rejoicing that the payments are made.

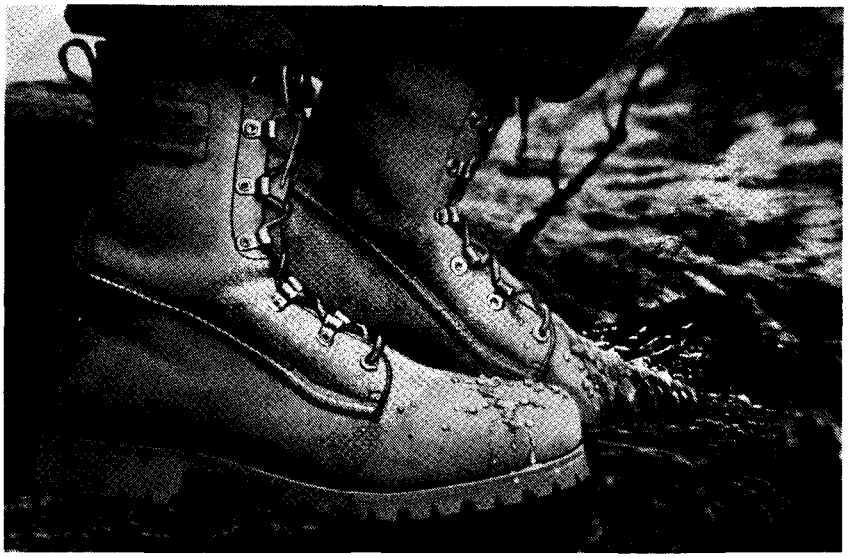
There's no dancing to Anthony Braxton's music, and he will probably never wake up to find himself on the top half of the charts. On side one, cut three of his *Creative Orchestra Music 1976* (Arista AL4080)—which has this title,



Braxton conjures up all the demons in the world. Anyone who misses the humor in such a piece (parade music replete with oompahing tuba) probably doesn't know what Doonesbury is, either. In every way, then, Braxton opposes Benson. Underneath the production, Benson's style remains constant no matter the label, but Braxton's some 26 records all differ radically Benson has stuck with the guitar. Braxton has spread himself over a half-dozen reed and wind instruments, scored orchestras, written an opera, and composed one piece for five tubas. He'll try virtually anything. Braxton doesn't use the word "jazz"; he makes creative music. He doesn't work with jazz musicians; he works with creative improvisors. He's hungry, idiomatic, and elusive.

Although sudden leaps in his music contribute to heated arguments about his place, Braxton doesn't duck brouhahas. Rather, he absorbs them, as on the two pieces he plays with Dave Brubeck and Lee Konitz on Brubeck's clever *All The Things We Are* (Atlantic SD1684). The two generations of Braxton's and Konitz's altos contrast revealingly. Where elder Konitz's phrasing is lush and dramatic, Braxton's is clipped and reserved. Where Konitz submits to the tune's beauty, rolling his heart out the horn's bell, Braxton sharpens the nuances of both their horns, reining in romanticism with dry wit. Braxton baits Konitz into overstatement in their final duet on "All The Things You Are," and it's Braxton who remembers that the person to whom

Waterproof Survivor®



If you've ever worn one of the Herman insulated SURVIVOR® boots, you know how warm and comfortable they are, even when it's 20° below zero. Now we've made this famous boot even better — we've made it waterproof! The glove leather uppers are specially treated to shed water like a duck's back. You could stand in a puddle for hours and not one drop of moisture would get inside these 8' boots! And like all Herman SURVIVORS® they're crafted of the finest leathers, with genuine Ensolite® foam padding and insulation throughout. Sure-footed Vibram® soles and heels make these boots ideal for work or for sport. You owe it to yourself to see these great new waterproof SURVIVORS®. And to try on a pair. Ask your dealer to show you styles in butternut chamois-finish leather or black. Or mail the coupon for a full color illustrated catalog showing dozens of Herman boots and shoes.

FREE CATALOG

SINCE 1879 HERMAN SHOES and BOOTS

TNR WS-6-10

J. M. Herman Shoe Co., Inc. Dept. 34 Millis, Mass. 02054

I'd like to try on a pair of the waterproof SURVIVOR® boots. Please send me the free catalog and the name of my nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their horns sing is complex, is many things. If Konitz is the better lover, Braxton loves more.

Braxton's resources are extraordinarily varied. I'm not speaking of his grand gestures—the composition for four saxophones, on *New York, Fall 1974* (Arista AL4032), or the two-record saxophone solo album, *For Alto* (Delmark DS 420/421). They're only part of his bag of tricks. Like Pynchon, Mailer and Doctorow in fiction, Altman and Polanski in film and, pardon me, Norman Lear on TV, Braxton spawns competing styles that comment on, rather than cancel, each other. Less than grand but still functional are his references to Duke Ellington, parade marches, and New Orleans dirges on the last two albums for Arista. Still, Braxton has insisted that his voice is recognizable, that he's created his own language. His language bears his attitudes through whatever style he adopts, traditional all the way to free.

Big steps in jazz have always been harmonic and melodic, surely, but also rhythmic. Cryptically enough, Braxton claims he aims "not to swing, but to swing." He doesn't mean to sound like Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman. Rather he's explaining his belief in "vibrational flow," or what I would call conceptual rhythm. His compositions overcome their great chunks of sound and taut textures. The parts don't have to swing if there is a larger, conceptual rhythm; if there's pulse to the ideas. Braxton's music is often structured without apparent unity or symmetry. Truly pluralistic, it hangs together. He is doing for acoustic jazz much of what Miles Davis does for the electric sibling.

Just released this summer, Braxton's ambitious *Creative Orchestra Music 1976* has already made at least one critic's Most Important Jazz Album list. I'll call it *necessary*, perhaps not to you, but to the present dilemmas of jazz. Braxton and Michael Cuscuna, his omnipresent producer, culled the farthest-gone free players from Chicago, New Haven, New York and Europe. Till now, all these had satisfied (if not satiated) themselves with moderate-sized group work. There had been floating boasts, notably by trumpeter Leo Smith, that they could cope with larger scope, that they could improvise as an orchestra. But could they really? There is no longer doubt. Titling each piece with incomprehensible "schematics," Braxton in truth makes each piece satisfyingly unschematic. One favorite is the Ellington take-off on side two, with its particularly fine solos from Kenny Wheeler (trumpet) and Muhal Richard Abrams (piano).

Much European and some Japanese jazz is reaching us now, finally, on home-distributed labels. Of these, I must mention the work of Jan Garbarek, a Norwegian whose tenor sax tone is as striking as his improvisational gift is startling. He recorded *Esoteric Circle* (Arista/Freedom AL1031) in 1969 but it has just been released here. On "Breeze Ending," Garbarek's joy is in the process of discovery—quite the opposite of LiPuma-Benson's process of control. His breaths and valve sounds and quick-kicking ideas are central to his opening solo. Helping explore the tune, then, the rest of the quartet enters one by one, with Terje Rypdal's guitar reclaiming the theme for a few bars, and it's all over.

Back home in New Jersey, McCoy Tyner has an interesting double that never sold because it is just now released—*Cosmos* (Blue Note BN-LA460-HZ), recorded 1969-70. It shows Tyner's transition from small to large group arranging, which last is impressively represented by his current *Fly With The Wind* (Milestone M9067). On "Rolem," Billy Cobham's drums race Hubert Laws' flute and Ron Carter's stand-up bass for their lives. Tyner floats above all, windborne. His left hand is the windmaker, furiously pumping chords.

The Beach Boys released an album this summer that marks their first new songs in quite a while. Because big brother Brian Wilson was to return after a long reclusive breakdown, the record promised to be so fine they planned to call it after the very spirit of digging roots, Chuck Berry's "Rock 'n' Roll Music" (1957). But all is not well in LA today. First, their cover of the song guttered out all its energy and substance by ignoring the original schizoid piano track. Second, the Beatles beat them to it. The Beatles' anthology, *Rock 'n' Roll Music* (Capitol SKBO-11537) demonstrates a depth, ambivalence and perception of risk to which the Boys can only aspire in 1976. Thus the Beach Boys's title, *15 Big Ones* (Brother/Reprise MS2251) is more default than celebration. It is default to discover so late in life that being cool is a burden, that there was sobriety to early rock which their own surfin' songs steadfastly repressed, or that the girl they thought was a "winner" turned out to be a "sinner."

Their early reverence for "Fun, Fun, Fun" (1964) stunted their growth. Their best songs now explore not their fantasies but their obsession with fantasy. They don't yet do it consistently, but they're probing the religious response California culture excites. That's what they mean when they sing that "rock style" is the "same song" as a Gregorian chant. What is unfortunate is the way they put the idea. The song they might really render is Chuck Berry's "Promised Land" (1964), the great song of California apocalypse; "Swing low, chariot, come down easy," he sang, "taxi to the terminal gate."

Still, they have terminal gates of their own and one of the best is on the album. It's a song about California from a distance, presumably Brian's during his long breakdown, called "Had To Phone Ya." But nobody answers, for nobody's home, and the song sounds bleak. Like the faint and desperate possibility that their reverence for material culture makes sense, however, there is, finally and nearly inaudibly, a chipper, suburban woman's voice, saying, "Hey, Brian!"

Can that be all? Is she the descending angel? I've tried so hard, so many times, to amplify her "Hey, Brian!" that my ears ache. It is the ache of the Southern Rim, and of my generation.

THE BEST OF RICHARD NIXON

THIS 60 MINUTE TAPE INCLUDES:

'52 Checkers speech (exerpt)
'63 Last press conference (exerpt)
'73 First Watergate speech
'74 Resignation speech
'74 Farewell to White House staff

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG

☐ 8 TRACK TAPE ☐ CASSETTE

$5.95 per tape

Send check or money order to:
POSTERITY TAPES
P.O. BOX 233 NAPERVILLE, ILL. 60540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Work, Culture and Society in Industrializing America by Herbert G. Gutman

(Knopf; $12.50)

Herbert Gutman is one of those rare historians who will not accept a conventional version of what happened in the past, or why. He keeps turning up evidence, often all the fresher for having been hidden in obscure places, and examining it in new lights that cast doubts upon accepted wisdom. This is a far cry from the kind of revisionism that already knows what it will find before it upends a stereotype, and much more rewarding. Gutman is best known for the way he has helped force the reappraisal of the history of slavery. Last year he published a devastating analysis of Robert Fogel and Stanley Engerman's application of computer mathematics to the slave era (*Slavery and the Numbers Game: A Critique of Time on the Cross*). His newest book demonstrates that slavery did not destroy the black family as commentators from E. Franklin Frazier to Daniel P. Moynihan have said it did (*The Black Family in Slavery and freedom 1750-1925*). But Gutman is a historian not only of slaves but of all kinds of American workers, and he has just published this collection of essays written over the past 15 years that anticipates the fruit of his current research, a social history of working people in this country. The essays suggest how much better we might understand our own society if we knew more about its real history—about the institutions hidden behind the institutions we have learned to see when we look backward, and most of all about the people who lived behind the façades of both sorts of institution.

The first and broadest of these essays shows that the Protestant work ethic is neither as ancient nor as widespread nor as deeply rooted in America as the conventional wisdom has it. The factory owners wanted the work ethic to become the American credo from the earliest days. But they kept encountering resistance that Americans forgot when the ethic triumphed—resistance from successive waves of workers from Gutman calls "pre-modern." Rural New Englanders; immigrants from Germany, Ireland, Eastern Europe, the Mediterranean; freed slaves and their descendants—each group had its own culture, its own rhythms of work and leisure, its own values; and that culture with its peasant base was often at odds with the standards of their newly adopted, industrializing society.

Tensions between culture and society took many forms. Gutman finds that political parties eased those tensions by playing the role that King and Church did in Europe, protecting workers from the classes just above them. He looks at the American version of Luddism, which tended to destroy what machines produced rather than the machines themselves. Leisure and especially drinking habits were real obstacles to the work ethic; the bosses often thought prohibition would serve their interests by reducing absenteeism. "European" food riots recurred: Jewish women took to the streets to protest the price of kosher meat in New York in 1902 just as native Americans had done to protest the price of bread in 1837. Implicit at every turn is the idea that the descendants of one generation did not understand or sympathize with a new generation's repetition of their ancestors' behavior. New Englanders criticized Slavs and Jews who in turn criticize blacks and Hispanics for essentially the same display of tension between culture and society. Variations on the repetition are also interesting. Both the bread and the meat rioters destroyed overpriced food, but neither took any for themselves. This seems like a contrast with the ghetto looters of the 1960s; if careful study confirms the contrast, it might be enlightening.

Nineteenth-century history may also provide some unexpected clues to the phenomenon of Jimmy Carter. It is not surprising to be reminded that some preachers sided with the workers against the employers (not the same thing as the social gospel, though related to it). It did surprise me a bit to discover how deeply religious some radical workers were, to learn that they swore fealty by religious oaths, to read the Christian words of August Spies, one of the Haymarket defendants. Religion helped inspire the Left in northern cities as well as in southern populist villages. The Carter appeal, still astonishing commentators in our secular age, has deep historical roots in places we seldom think to look. This may help explain why Catholic blue-collar voters do not all echo Andrew Greeley's reminder that populism was anti-Catholic.

In many of these essays, Gutman complains that the historiography of working people in America has too often focused on the history of labor unions or ruling classes, ignoring or concealing the people and the communities in which they lived. It's salutary to rediscover not only that working men were often religious, but also that businessmen and politicians in industrial cities frequently sided with workers in disputes with employers. The bosses had to appeal to state governments to achieve a power that became effective only in the 1890s but that we usually think sprang into full force when the Civil War ended. It's refreshing to discover that blacks played a significant role in the early years of the United Mine Workers. It's stimulating to share Gutman's challenges to the stereotypes, the division into narrow categories and the determinism that cripple so much contemporary history, which indeed is over-determined.

Gutman's most serious flaw is not historical but literary. At his best, he is lucid but stiff. At his worst, he is clotted or wooden, and repetitious. But in intelligence and industry, and in the insights generated by his questioning historical fashion, Gutman must be considered one of the truly original social historians.

Anthony Astrachan

Anthony Astrachan is a research associate of the Center for Policy Research.

Voices of America by Thomas A. Bailey

(The Free Press; $12.95)

Here is a rendering of "the nation's story in slogans, sayings, and songs," as the subtitle partially explains. A more precise title, the author states, would be "Words that Moved America." Actually he has provided a fairly comprehensive 500-page American history that touches most of the bases covered in conventional textbooks, such as his own, *The American Pageant*, with the difference that now he emphasizes slogans, catchwords, catchy verses, cartoons, memorable sayings, epithets and epigrams. Save for the short shrift given

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the colonial period, the idea works surprisingly well, and *Voices of America* makes us appreciate how many historical episodes, issues and personalities are encapsulated in pithy phrases. They become a kind of shorthand enabling the citizen, wary of arid dates and facts, to reconstruct large segments of his country's past.

Utterances dear to schoolboys fall into place and are seen as a kind of folklore. "Give me liberty or give me death" is the way, 40 years after the event, patriots reconstructed the climax of Patrick Henry's 1775 speech to the Virginia Assembly. Ethan Allen is supposed to have called on the British commander at Ticonderoga to surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," but skeptics surmise that atheist Allen more likely cried "Come out of there you damned old rat." A parlor game I like to play is to ask assorted friends: who said "Don't give up the ship?" The customary answers are 1) John Paul Jones and 2) Oliver Hazard Perry. It was Captain James Lawrence in 1813, dying on the *Chesapeake*, whose crew surrendered to the British 15 minutes after his demise; the same words are also attributed to one Captain James Mugford of the *Franklin* in 1776. "Our country right or wrong" was first voiced by Stephen Decatur in 1816 after licking the Barbary pirates, then parodied by G.K. Chesterton to read "My mother, drunk or sober," and amended by Carl Schurz, less memorably if more ethically, to "When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right." "Millions for defense and not one cent for tribute" was thrust into the mouth of Charles C. Pinckney, one of three envoys sent by President John Adams to negotiate with France's Foreign Minister, the wily Talleyrand; Pinckney kept denying authorship of the defiance for the remainder of his life, but the statement was inscribed on a memorial tablet to him in Charleston after his death. It was not General "Black Jack" Pershing who said "Lafayette, we are here," on arriving in France in 1917, but a forgotten underling, Colonel Charles E. Stanton; when American doughboys were kept overtime in Europe during the Versailles Treaty negotiations, they supposedly complained, "Lafayette, we are still here."

Fighting words delivered with the right timing have endured in the memories of Americans. "Fifty-four forty or fight" became a battle cry in 1846 when President Polk sought to bluff Britain out of the whole Oregon territory; its originator is presumably Senator William "Foghorn" Allen of Ohio. When Polk settled peacefully for 49°, Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri castigated him with "Oh, mountain that was delivered of a mouse, thy name shall henceforth be fifty-four forty!" General Grant won a nickname and great political mileage when he informed the Confederate commander at Fort Donelson, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted." Admirers equated the initials U.S. in his name, standing for Ulysses Simpson, with Unconditional Surrender and with the United States itself. Woodrow Wilson won the respect of many voters when running for reelection in 1916 by making public a telegram he sent a German sympathizer who had accused him of knuckling under to the British: "I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them."

On the other side of the coin are the *gaffes* that their speakers wished had been speedily forgotten rather than long remembered. After occupying New Orleans in 1862, a great blow to the Confederacy, General Ben "Beast" Butler issued an order that "when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be . . . treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation." Confederate and British spokesmen denounced Butler for likening Southern ladies—even though they spat on Yankee officers—to prostitutes. He lamely replied that his order meant simply they should be ignored. The "Beast" was one war hero never boomed for President. Admiral George Dewey killed his own boomlet after defeating the decrepit Spanish navy in the Spanish-American war with this statement: "Since studying this subject I am convinced that the office of the President is not such a very difficult one to fill, his duties being mainly to execute the laws of Congress." Not what he said, but what he heard without demurring, cost James G. Blaine the closest of his three shots at the presidency; in the 1884 campaign he listened silently to a clergyman denounce the Democrats as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," and so lost crucial Catholic votes in the key state of New York. Wendell Wilkie, trying to halt the third term bid of Franklin Roosevelt, alienated women voters by announcing that he would select for his Secretary of Labor a person from the labor movement, "and it won't be a woman, either." FDR had chosen Frances Perkins as his Secretary of Labor, the first female to hold a cabinet position.

A few gems sparkle with wit and originality among the cranked-out mottoes, slogans, and slurs that permeate American politics. Told that General Grant drank too much whiskey, Lincoln is supposed to have responded, "Get me the brand, and I'll send a barrel to my other generals." When the Republicans renominated dapper Thomas E. Dewey, defeated by Roosevelt in 1944, to run against Truman in 1948, Alice Roosevelt Longworth prophetically remarked, "You can't make a soufflé rise twice." Some switches on well-known proverbs and sayings carry an edge. Following the Great Depression of 1929 Democrats revamped Hoover's slogan to read, "A chicken in every pot and two families in every garage." Feminists of the 1970s contended "A woman's place is in the House—and Senate." Seeing the Supreme Court reverse an earlier five to four anti-New Deal decision, at a time when Franklin Roosevelt was attempting to enlarge the Court, citizens chortled "A switch in time saves nine." After oil tycoons who had bribed the Secretary of the Interior in the Teapot Dome Scandal of 1923 got off scot free, a cynical public repeated "Them that has—gets off" and "In America everyone is assumed guilty until proved rich," sayings that still reflect current attitudes.

Dying words or last words represent another category of sometimes moving and dramatic expressions. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on July 4, 1826. Jefferson asked "Is this the Fourth?" and being informed it was, spoke no more. Adams said finally, "Thomas Jefferson still survives," although in fact Jefferson had died a few

PLATIGNUM ITALIC SET

Contains a fountain pen, five Italic nibs, and instruction manual, all for only $5.50... At art material & pen shops, college book stores...or send check to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011 Add 50 cents for handling.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hours earlier. On his death-bed, too weak to take part in the great Senate debate over the Compromise of 1850, John C. Calhoun moaned, "The South! The poor South! God knows what will become of her." Grover Cleveland said at his end, "I have tried so hard to do right." Huey Long, bleeding to death on the floor of the Louisiana state capitol, gasped, "I wonder why he shot me." William Vanderbilt the railroad robber baron reportedly philosophized, "I have had no real gratification or enjoyment of any sort more than my neighbor on the next block who is worth only half a million."

What contribution to our understanding of American life does this history-through-slogans make? Professor Bailey, who has been concerned in various of his books on American diplomatic and political history with the average citizen's opinions as they affect public policy, feels that these popular phrases and verses provide an underused source for the understanding of American sentiments. At the same time he recognizes their one-sidedness and limited range, and the difficulty of measuring their appeal. He believes that only two catch phrases, "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" in 1884 and "He Kept Us Out of War" in 1916 seem to have tilted the margin of presidential victory, to Cleveland and Wilson.

The defect of *Voices of America* is that it awards excessive space to the trivia of presidential electioneering—Professor Bailey was able to consult excellent collections of campaign buttons and war posters—and too little to other sides of American life. The few chapters on social and economic currents come as insufficient relief from the often tedious quadrennial rhetoric of the political parties. *Voices of America* shares with most American history writing the astigmatic vision of presidential personalities and campaigns as dominating forces in the lives of American people. Yet we are being told today of the large numbers of nonvoters who will ignore the polls in the coming election. Some of the most expressive voices of America are not heard in this volume. The eloquent traditions of Indian oratory and Negro preaching, the barbs of Jewish and other ethnic humor, the coinages of farmers, sailors, miners, cowpunchers, railroaders, the taunts of children in the playground, the sales pitches of Yankee peddlers and traveling salesmen, the lingo of gangsters and prostitutes are muted here. All have contributed moving words to the nation's story.

Richard M. Dorson

Richard M. Dorson is professor of folklore at Indiana University, and author most recently of *Folklore and Fakelore: Essays Towards a Discipline of Folk Studies* (Harvard Univ. Press) and *Folktales Told Around the World* (Univ. of Chicago Press).

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Robin Winks on Mysteries

The Night of the Twelfth
by Michael Gilbert
(Harper & Row; $8.95)

The Question of Max
by Amanda Cross
(Knopf; $6.95)

With Extreme Prejudice
by Berkely Mather
(Scribner's; $8.95)

Promised Land by Robert B. Parker
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.95)

The Mushroom Cave
by Robert Rosenblum
(Penguin; $1.95)

The Ottawa Allegation by Paul Geddes
(Penguin; $1.95)

The John Franklin Bardin Omnibus
(Penguin; $2.95)

The Corpse on the Dike
by Janwillem van de Wetering
(Houghton Mifflin; $6.95)

"We deny the snobbish English assumption that the uneducated are the dangerous criminals. . . . We say that the dangerous criminal is the educated criminal. We say that the most dangerous criminal now is the entirely lawless modern philosopher. . . . Murderers respect human life; they merely wish to attain a greater fullness of human life in themselves by the sacrifice of what seems to them to be lesser lives. But philosophers hate life itself, their own as much as other people's." So wrote G.K. Chesterton in 1908 in *The Man Who was Thursday*. Surely by now we too have given up the rosy notion that crime is bred soley or even largely by poverty and neglect, and know that people of all levels of education and wealth find rationalizations for breaking the law.

At least they do in books, and increasingly so. George Higgins, Richard Stark, and John Creasey's Toff may continue to show us "the underworld," but for the most part modern crime and spy fiction deals with those who the Victorians would have said had, at the least, achieved a modest competence. Consider two very dependable, if seldom really gripping, writers in their latest books: Michael Gilbert (who has never exceeded *The Danger Within*) has given us, in *The Night of the Twelfth*, a quiet and consistently engrossing account of the murder and mutilation of children cast against the background of a carefully realized English public school. We know early on that the murderer must be one of these introspective, cultured teachers, and a bit of side play about the kidnapping of the son of the Israeli Ambassador to the Court of St. James does not lessen the question, To whom are we committing the safety and nurture of our children?

Or there is Amanda Cross' new "academic mystery," centering on Kate Fansler, professor of English at "a major university" in New York City. Amanda Cross has always tended to invent the kind of witty repartee between scholars that those scholars would like the outside world to think commonplace among them, and her faculty members are in many ways oddly idealized. But they are also human, and amusing, and in *The Question of Max*, puzzling as well. One must ask, What kinds of people are our colleagues, to whom we intrust the best of our ideas?

Both of these writers fall into the category I think of as "dependable." Their's are the books one is happy to find on the shelves of an old Vermont inn, or at the last moment in an airport when otherwise faced with the dreadful thought of reading the airline's magazine—one is perfectly happy to read them, and knows that they will be enjoyable for the time, while feeling no compulsion to read all that they have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

written. They represent the staple of the mystery industry, those who year in and year out produce a book we are happy to have, but may also lend without worrying about the return. Gilbert has written at least 17 such books, and the pseudonymonous Amanda Cross only five, yet both have their own clearly defined niche in the literature.

So does Berkely Mather. An Australian who lives near Rye, England, Mather has written 10 books, most of them set in India. At his best, he depicts the India of the fading Raj with a skill exceeded only by Paul Scott; at his worst, he reads like a clipped-accent Matt Helm, and that's pretty good too. His next to last book, *The White Dacoit*, which was historically rooted, was exceedingly good, and by that standard, his new book, *With Extreme Prejudice*, which turns to Suez, Cyprus and the fashionable (IRA, Symbionese Liberation Army, etc.) is considerably less good. Even so, here is another "old dependable," who has crossed that line (for me) between waiting for the paperback or putting out the money for the cloth edition. Mather belongs to that select group of British thriller writers that includes Gavin Lyall, Desmond Bagley, Adam Hall and Dick Francis. All do their background research with care, write about what they know well and have experienced personally, and are as superior to the Big Names (Alistair MacLean, for example) as a good claret is to a California Zinfandel.

Of course, if Ian Fleming taught us to expect a bit of wine snobbery as part of the mix, he didn't leave food out of the equation. Robert B. Parker, who teaches English literature at Northeastern University, is winning a deserved reputation for his fully dependable and literate record of the activities of one Spenser, ex-boxer, current weight-lifter, reader, lover and gourmet. All the reviews tell us that Spenser is the successor to Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe, and certainly his ironic yet self-romantic view is markedly like Marlowe's (and close to Archer's, without so much psychoanalysis). But does one really win a reputation for being a gourmet by drinking Amstel, eating soused shrimp, and telling us in some detail how the spaghetti sauce comes out of the can? Perhaps, in Boston. In any event, *Promised Land* brings Spencer back for a fourth case, and while the mystery is slight, the straight-on examination of what breaks up marriages, and where Women's Lib fits into the scheme of things (or at least Spenser's scheme) is convincing, even informative reading.

One didn't used to ask that reading a mystery story be "a growth experience," or that a thriller be moving as well as exciting. We all expect more than tomato sauce on our spaghetti these days, though, and it is fair to say that Robert Parker both instructs and moves us. So too do the authors of two recently released Penguin Crime paperbacks, Robert Rosenblum in *The Mushroom Cave* and Paul Geddes in *The Ottawa Allegation*. The first is about, or appears to be about, efforts to bring the manuscript of a dissident Russian writer out of the Soviet Union, and the machinations between KGB and CIA to effect or prevent this. But it is also about marriage, and father-son relationships, and secrecy, and the way in which a sense of duty can be used by others, and it reads with a chilling truth that puts it into the front rank of the "pox on both your houses" school of the disillusioned. The second has little to do with Canada, although it includes an attractively realized Canadian RCMP; on the surface it is about the suicide of a highly placed British official, and the unraveling of an explanation of sorts as to why other highly placed and civilized British might wish to cover this up. Below, there is a telling confrontation between the values of the old world and the new, unexpected reminders of Hugh MacLennan (never mentioned) and of Morley Callaghan (who *is* drawn in), and a good sense of the true complexity of motivations. With typical misdirection the back cover compares Geddes to William Haggard, Maurice Edelman and Arthur Hailey, but Geddes writes better than Haggard, is harder-nosed than Edelman, and any comparison to Hailey utterly eludes me.

Neither of these books received any fanfare. Penguin's reprinting of the three novels of John Franklin Bardin, originally written in 1946-48, in an *Omnibus*, has received quite a bit of attention and no doubt will attract many reviewers, for one is always happy to discover a writer neglected by some earlier, less perceptive age. All three books—*The Deadly Percheron, The Last of Philip Banter* and *Devil Take the Blue-Tail Fly*—strike me as badly written, confused and unmemorable except to the extent that one cannot really forget 602 pages of prose. The emphasis is on a rather sophomoric psychology, morbidity and madness, and as Max Beerbohm said, for people who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they like.

Which brings us to the other fanfare of the moment, for the publication of the fifth book (and third mystery) by a Dutchman now living in America, Janwillem van de Wetering. This one, *The Corpse on the Dike*, is meant to make up for the loss of Sjöwall and Wahlöö, and of the early Nicolas Freeling, and while it doesn't, its Adjutant-Detective Grijpstra and Sergeant de Gier are

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP
MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code.)

1. Title of Publication: *The New Republic*.

2. Date of filing: October 1, 1976.

3. Frequency of Issue: Weekly except the following issues: one in January; one in July; two in August.

A. No. of Issues Published annually: 48

B. Annual Subscription price: $21.00

4. Location of known office of publication: 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

5. Location of the General Business offices of the publishers: 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor: Publisher: Robert J. Myers, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Editor: Martin Peretz, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Acting Managing Editor: Eliot L. Marshall, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

7. Owner: Name: Martin Peretz, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; Anne L. Peretz, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

8. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

9. Not applicable.

10.

	Avg. No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Single Issue Nearest to File Date
A. Total No. copies printed (Net Press Run)	87,929	85,198
B. Paid Circulation:		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	1,868	1,841
	555 (Bookstore)	495 (Bookstore)
2. Mail Subscriptions	80,509	78,137
C. Total Paid Circulation	82,932	80,473
D. Free Distribution by mail, Carrier or other means, Samples, Complimentary, and other free copies	706	647
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	83,638	81,120
F. Copies not distributed		
1. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	769	659
2. Returns from News Agents	3,522	3,419
G. Total (Sum of E and F should equal net press run shown in A)	87,929	85,198

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Business Manager

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idiosyncratic enough to suggest that we may not have to mourn Martin Beck too much longer. One suspects that here is another old dependable in the making, toward whose books one's fingers will, as with Simenon, reach reflexively in those railway stations and airport halls. To have found five writers dependable, and at least two new ones to be watched, in only three months, and the slack season at that, gives some promise of a good year ahead.

The Back of the Book

Speedboat by Renata Adler

(Random House; $7.95)

Renata Adler seems deliberately to have written the kind of novel she least admires. *Speedboat* has no plot, no tears, no characters flat or round, no conflict of great ideas, no deep scheme. You do not merely note the absence of such things; you miss them actively because the author has made you miss them. She has created a world precisely opposed to one we would prefer, has done so down to the form of her presentation which, as an argument against itself is effective on those grounds alone. But there is more to this book than cleverness.

The narrator (without a narrative) is a woman journalist whose "mind is a tenement," she says. The novel, then, is a form of slumming: half-baked reports on times and places—not hers alone, and in no special order—as if she were keeping a scrapbook of passages used in her articles, or perhaps discarded. To call her tone dispassionate would suggest that passion is sensed in abeyance, but that isn't it. If anything the tone is surprised, sometimes falsified for a laugh, sometimes genuine: one brilliant survivor peering with chatoyant eyes at the life which threatens her to the point of amusement.

Speedboat is concerned with the speed of that life. Our journalist has a mind of the ancients that naturally pulls back and away, which is the source of her ironies. She can write one sentence, for example, that moves in two directions, forcing a standstill: "His children own the town these days, for what it's worth." Everything else in the novel is going forward in spurts and plunges, too fast even for the celebrants who wish to move with the machines, so that the giddy lady who insists on riding in a brand new speedboat breaks her back from her own excited bouncing. Fractures in other passages are less severe, but in their battles with passengers the planes and boats and trains are clearly winning. Every chapter after the first begins with a ride.

Otherwise the book is about this woman, who cannot do things. She can't cook; "I cannot read maps; my sense of direction is so poor and unstable that maps somehow make it worse." Ordinarily such admissions are self-congratulating, but our journalist is no critic. She earnestly takes lessons in everything, partly to correct her poor sense of direction, though finally, even in flying lessons, she has her way, at her own pace. She is "the sort of reporter who hangs around, or rather, tags along." Since everyone else is trying to get ahead of the, some indefinite, game, she who tags along has the advantage of wit.

So she tells a lot of anecdotes, like the one about the widow in the garden:

> *A few years ago, the wire services reported that, on account of a defective latch, the cargo door on a DC-10 opened, in flight. A coffin fell out. A lady at work in her flower garden saw what she took to be a coffin fall from the sky into a neighboring field. Having been recently widowed, the lady made the obvious inference. She put down her trowel, drove to the nearest state asylum, and committed herself. When reporters reached her, to tell her the thing had really happened, and to ask her reaction to it, the lady preferred to stay right where she was.*

It isn't meant to be new. We can hear this story, and understand it immediately; the widow's option is reasonable, predictable; we have heard the tale before; we know the moral backwards; our journalist knows that we know; and so on. Then why tell it? Because it's like a metaphor or cliché—"the camel, I had noticed, was passing with great difficulty, through the eye of the needle"—that only means something after insistent repetitions.

Besides, our journalist believes that we are merely interested in what she tells us. She is lovable, and does not know it. Nobody in the novel tells her so, certainly none of her men. She thinks that her intelligence, not her heart, holds her book together.

Yet the feeling one takes from *Speedboat* is in fact not the intellectual condemnation of a speed-bound world, but how wasteful it is for this woman to live in such a place. The senseless races she observes seem made for singles, people with feather-weight luggage who run better unencumbered by family and other ties. In a swift aside she dryly mocks the memorable lines of her college education, citing "only connect" from Forster's *Howards End*, the one phrase all English professors seem born with. But the mockery turns on her who unwillingly has mastered the life of no connections to the point where the novel ends, and she hesitates to tell her lover that she is pregnant.

She feels only connected to her words. She seems not so much a journalist by profession as a journalist by birth, as if implying that in a life of no events (the novel begins: "Nobody died that year. Nobody prospered") everyone is a journalist. Personality becomes the event. The investigative reporter is not an investigator of experience, but an investigator of self as it succumbs to experience. The crime or folly exposed sends someone to jail or to the corner, yet its main public value is cathartic. The people know pity and terror thanks to the journalist who has found a way of becoming a pity or terror by entering the story he writes. A way of life, of giving life to a dead thing.

Accordingly our lady of the keen eyes and mordant anecdotes becomes her non-events as if they happened, the idea of death growing inside her as it grows in the novel, stage by stage, as in a tenement. Every so often an unsolved murder crops up, and we are hustled by it so as not to look too hard or recognize the victims. But the accumulation of these murders gets to you after a while. Eventually one sees death in the journalist herself, or maybe a wish for it—hidden so carefully in the scraps and jokes. "Becoming pregnant is taking a hostage," she says. What does one do with a hostage who might identify you?

Nothing in *Speedboat* is supposed to hurt you, but it does, which is probably what Adler is saying about the speed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

machines as well. The novel closes on the phrase "you can't miss it," meaning "you're never going to find it." The phrase has all the goodwill in the world.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Federal Pensions

To the editors:

Tom Stevenson's "In Hock to Pensions" (*TNR*, Aug. 7 & 14), while alerting us to a serious economic problem, contains some half-truths and downright inaccurate statements.

Military retirement pay is, indeed, "pegged to the cost of living." The fact that this system was, in 1958, substituted for another (and long standing) system, is omitted. The previous system pegged retirement pay to active duty pay, and changing the rules in midstream is thought by many to constitute nothing less than breach of contract.

Stevenson says, ". . . each time the consumer price index goes up one percent, so do pension benefits. . . ." This is not true. When the CPI goes up three percent, there is then a further two month waiting period to see whether it stays up. Following that, two more months elapse before any increase becomes effective. Finally, the increase is made effective on the first of the following month, but is not seen by the retiree until the end of that month. The one percent "kicker" was instituted to partially compensate for the lag in adding the CPI-based increase. If one assumes a conservative six percent annual CPI increase, it is evident that the system will provide an increase in retirement pay about yearly. It is also evident that, during the year's lag, the retiree is falling further behind each month.

John H. O'Brien
Raymond, New Hampshire

To the editors:

As a 30-year Federal retiree who has spent a career on compensation matters, perhaps I may be permitted a comment on Tom Stevenson's Federal pension article.

Although well-researched, the author omitted one vital fact, *i.e.*, most of us have paid for our retirement benefits with seven percent of our salaries, while others (*e.g.*, the military) have been non-contributors. One need not be an actuary to understand the vastly different budgetary impact of the two systems.

Charles J. Theobald
Keene, New Hampshire

In reply:

As Mr. Theobald suggests, I should have pointed out that civil service workers pay seven percent of their salary to the civil service retirement fund. However, although this contribution is significant, I don't attach as much importance to it as many civil servants seem to do. For one thing, the government matches it. For another, as independent actuaries pointed out in a 1975 study of the system, assuming persistent four percent inflation, it would take twice the current contribution level—28 percent of salary rather than 14 percent—to fund the system. In other words employees are currently paying only about one-fourth of the cost of the system. Finally, unlike private employees and the military, civil servants are not required to contribute 5.85 percent of the first $15,300 of their earnings to the Social Security system.

Mr. O'Brien is correct that I neglected to discuss the pre-1958 military retirement system. However my purpose was to examine the costs of the present system, not the possible inequities involved in the elimination of the old. That is another story. As for the one percent "kicker," which Mr. O'Brien apparently supports, I think any formula that, in six years, boosts benefits 72 percent while inflation has increased 56 percent is indefensible.

Tom Stevenson

The Classifieds

Personals

MAX PHUMBLEFURTH: Happy 33rd Birthday from your pal, RALPH OAKS

DOUBLE DUTY ALERT protects your family from intrusion and fire. Don't be unprotected. Only $7.95. Alarms, 5601 Via del Collado, Torrance, California 90505

COMPANIONABLE, INTELLIGENT Chicago man, 50, enjoys arts, ideas and issues, outdoors. Wants to meet similar, interested woman in her forties. New Republic Box 7805

LAPBOARDS for home, desk, bed, car, outdoors. Light durable 3/16" tempered masonite with cut-out for body contour. Large size $3.75, small size $3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. The New School Learning Workshop, 3 Burton Woods Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229.

FBI, CIA, IRS, CUSTOMS, JUSTICE - Have these Federal agencies opened your mail, tapped your telephone? Per the Washington Post in 1973 alone the FBI conducted 21,414 domestic security investigations. Let us find out for you under the Privacy Act of 1974 what information these and other Federal agencies maintain on you. Save time, letters, and phone calls. Send $9.50 for authorization forms. Privacy Act, Inc., Suite 525, 4921 Seminary Road, Alexandria, Virginia 22311.

YOUR COAT OF ARMS, researched. Full color drawing $2.75; 6" wood plaque $7.95. Includes references. Send name, Originating country, and payment, to STOTT CREST, 9916 90th Ave., N.W., Gig Harbor, Washington 98335.

CHICAGO SUBURBAN DIVORCEE - mid-forties, Jewish, seeking single, mature, gentleman requiring rapport with intelligent, gregarious, independent, attractive woman. Only the secure, sincere and unselfish need respond. New Republic Box 7790.

DECADENT BOURGEOIS AUTHOR, 42 - attractive, athletic, charismatic, articulate, macho outside - pussycat inside, seeks one in a million girl 25-40 possessing boundless enthusiasm for living and growing with one very special guy. Box 9145, Riviera Beach, Florida 33404.

SURVIVAL NEWSLETTER - Sample Issue $1.00, refundable. 700 Washington North #218-H, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

CIDER PRESSES-available in bushel and 1/3 bushel capacity. Very efficient self-feeding grinder. All hardwood construction. Fully warranteed. Free brochure. HUNGER MOUNTAIN CRAFTS, RFD 2C, Worcester, Vermont 05682

NEW YORK GENTLEMAN-professional, Jewish 42. Semi Capricorn: serious, logical, etc. with strong humanist qualities. Interests: Jewish affairs, politics, health, world of ideas, good conversation. Seeking lady 30-36, intelligent, alert, who thinks independently. New Republic Box 7780.

"JEDER hat das Recht auf Leben" from West German Court on the unborn. Support a Right to Life Amendment. Join National Right to Life Committee, 529 14th St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20045

TO SOMEONE CULTURALLY MOTIVATED I proffer lifetime occupancy of sequestered retreat. Occasional companionship. New Republic Box 7785.

SINGLE GAL - middle aged, wishes to meet SAME, share recreational activities. North Bay (San Francisco area). New Republic Box 7770.

NOTICE OF IMPENDING BASH - All-purpose invitations, 12/$2.50; Sample? 25¢ (deductible). Wry Idea, Rye, New York 10580.

CELEBRATE 200 YEARS OF PROGRESS With your very own "Swine Flu '76" t-shirt. 4-color design, featured on TV newscasts. Send $4.95 and size to MEDIATION, Dept. 3G 2222 Stanley Hills Dr., Los Angeles, California 90046. (Address in previous ad ran incorrectly due to TNR error. Please resend orders to *corrected* address.)

WOULD LIKE TO EXCHANGE LETTERS with an American student. New Republic Box 7775.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HISTORICAL WOMEN T-SHIRTS: Amelia Earhart, Babe Zaharias, Colette, Susan B. Anthony, Virginia Woolf, Isadora Duncan, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Billie Holliday, Joan of Arc, Emily Dickinson, George Sand. $6.00 each, 4/20.00. Warren Screen Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN' available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874

JOIN OUR GROWING RANKS and help us reduce the population by at least 50%. Free brochure: NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, INC., 103 Park Avenue, Room 414, (R), New York, New York 10017

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245

MEN OF LETTERS T-SHIRTS: Plato, Aristotle, Nietzsche, Hegel, Karl Marx, Bertrand Russell, J.S. Bach, Gustav Mahler, Sigmund Freud, Hume. $6.00 each, 4/$20.00. Warren St. Press, 29 Warren St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02141

WHAT ARE YOUR VALUES? Sixty illustrated cards identify specific VALUES and challenge you to analyze yourself. $2.49; VALUE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 10300 U.S. 19 N. Dept. N, Pinellas Park, Florida 33565

IN TODAY'S WORLD: When a child drops out of school, chances for a happy, productive life drop too. To combat the apathy and poverty that are often the reasons why a child becomes a drop-out Futures has initiated a program to help keep some especially promising but severely underprivileged Spanish-surnamed children in school and thereby maximize their chances for happy and productive lives. Won't you help? The cost is low—$15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Campaign 76

CARTER/MONDALE stickers, green & white, round, local item. $1.00, 4($3.00. 1975 Sylvan, Eugene, Oregon 97403

Don't Vote!

Don't vote for either Presidential candidate without first knowing where he stands on the vital issues which affect your income, your taxes, your freedom, your environment, your future well being. Now, for the first time you can see, side by side, the exact positions taken by both major candidates on over 40 specific issues by sending for your copy of Common Cause's "How They Stand." Available only by writing directly to the nonpartisan citizens' group Common Cause, Profiles Project, 2030 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Include $1 for postage and handling. (Note: All Common Cause members will receive this report automatically.)

"PET PEANUT" - A Carter collector's item and conversation piece. $3.50. L. Conti, Box 1043, Nevada City, California 95959.

Bumperstickers

NOVELTY BUMPERSTICKER - "Put FORD on the DOLE" - 50¢, 3/$1 + 24¢ postage. Box 4992, Columbus, Ohio 43202

IF YOU *CARE* IT'S *CARTER* Bumpersticker 1/75¢; 3/$2.00 Box 931, Richmond, Virginia 23207.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for Free Brochure. Price list and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114 Phone (314) 423-5495.

Health

DOCTORS HATE FAD DIETS. So do we. We offer no slick gimmicks. But if you seriously want to get rid of excess weight and have it STAY OFF, we have a step-by-step program, loaded with motivation, psychological reinforcers and nutritional guidance to get you started and keep you on course. Only $3.95. Send check or money order to THINK THIN, Dept. R-1, 9531 Washington Blvd., Culver City, California 90230

Stationery

1000 LABELS $1. Your name, address, Zip Code imprinted. R. Plaien, Box 1062, Miami, Florida 33101

Literature

SERIOUS, SCHOLARLY USED BOOKS Lists issued. SCHNEEMANN, 5710 S. Dorchester, Chicago, Illinois 60637

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

CONCERNED ABOUT THE "HIDDEN MESSAGES" in children's books? The CIBC *Bulletin* analyzes - and suggests ways to combat - racism and sexism in trade and text books, school and other children's materials. Send 50¢ for sample issue or subscribe (8 issues annually): $10 for individuals, $15 for institutions, to CIBC, 1841 Broadway, New York, New York 10023.

"EVANGELISM UNMASKED." Definitive paperback counteracting dangerous, rising Fundamentalism. $2.00. Independent Publications, Box 162, Paterson, New Jersey 07513

60¢ per word

400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

QUALITY MYSTERY NOVELS - Used hardbacks. Price list, 24¢ Choctaw, Box 471, Ridgeland, Mississippi 39157

CROSSING CULTURAL BOUNDARIES? The Bridge, cross-cultural affairs journal, helps you cope. Also contains foreign data summaries, related literature lists/mail-order service, overseas adaption resource inventory, book reviews. Quarterly, $10/yr. Center for Research & Evaluation, Drawer R, 2010 E. 17 Ave., Denver, Colorado 80206

Literary Services

THE PLAINS DISTRIBUTION SERVICE, INC., a literary organization, offers an unusual opportunity to explore the flourishing non-commercial literary art of America's heartland. The Plains Booklist, a gallery for Midwestern small presses, introduces fifteen selections each quarter. Our magazine brochure offers eight fine Upper-Midwestern literary magazines. Both free upon request. P.O. Box 3112, Fargo, North Dakota 58102.

NEED HELP IN WRITING? We guide students, freelancers, businessmen. You write, we edit, you profit. Brochure, 50¢. MAIL MALL, Box 245-T, Long Beach, New York 11561

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPTS? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Business Opportunities

OWNER TO RETIRE: Selling prosperous small New Orleans motel. Family operation. Call mornings (504) 835-4897

Employment Opportunities

EXPERIENCED MAGAZINE and newspaper writer/editor wants job in New York City. New Republic Box 7800.

GRADUATE STUDENTS—part time, to organize and direct individual science projects of children ages 8-14 in a small, private bilingual school in Beverly, Mass. Applicants should have a broad scientific background, be "generalists" if possible, be able to write well and, ideally, play a musical instrument. Write or call: The Waring School, P.O. Box 172, Prides Crossing, Massachusetts 01965. (617) 922-8477

Property - Sale/Rent

SAVE THOUSANDS in interest! Get an OPEN mortgage. OPEN is a non-profit mortgage fund for minorities and whites making pro-integration housing moves. Write: James Farmer & Morris Milgram, Dept. NR, 9803 Roosevelt Blvd., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114 or call (215) 332-7669.

MASSACHUSETTS FARM RENTAL - $120/month plus utilities. Isolated, primative. 60 miles west of Boston. (617) 484-7131.

OCEAN VIEWS IN ATLANTIC CANADA, 83 acres, Digby, Nova Scotia, utilities, provincial highway frontage plus interior road, $15,000. Terms. Steven Jaffe, 160 E. 89th St., New York City, 10028. (212) 831-7886

Vacation/Travel

JAMAICA-Four bedroom beachfront villa, untroubled fishing community. Snorkeling, bodysurfing. Reduced airfares. Maid-cook. From $270. Noel. 141-N Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759

Gourmet/Cookery

SAVE ENERGY, KEEP WARM WITH SOUP. Lentil, vegetable, 3 others, $2.00. W. L. O. Box 1055, Schenectady, New York 12301

ATTENTION FOOD COOPS - high protein Northern spring wheat. World's finest bread wheat. 10¢ pound in 50-lb. bags. John Wieland, Dazey, North Dakota 58429

DELECTABLE CHILI PEPPER Quiche Recipe - $1. New Republic Box 7735.

Arts/Crafts

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

WANTED: GOOD HOME AND LOVING CARE for distinguished small sculpture by noted senior. Priced minus dealer profit. Photos, resume sent on request. E. Bell, 277 Walton St., Englewood, New Jersey 07631.

LEARN YOUR WOODS - Ten different kinds of wood native to America are displayed in a handsome wooden box. The large pocket-size pieces are sanded to a natural finish to reveal their characteristic colors, densities, grain patterns, odors and textures. Identification key provided. An unusual gift and attractive show-piece for home or office. $6.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. The New School Learning Workshop, 3 Burton Woods Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio 45229.

OLD CITY VIEWS AND MAPS-Museum-quality frascimiles of rare 15th-19th century prints. Four hundred American and foreign scenes available. Handsomely illustrated catalog of these distinctive gift and decorative items $1.00. Historic Urban Plans, Box 276-N, Ithaca, New York 14850

EMBROIDERY TRANSFERS-Early American, Jacobean, Hungarian, our own designs. Floss, supplies, more. Catalog: 50¢ refunded with first order. Crewel Elephant, Box R-217, Silverton, Colorado 81433

Records/Tapes

RARE RECORD/TAPE COLLECTOR'S DIRECTORY - over 100 annotated addresses for collectors. $4.95. Rare records. 550 E. Rustic Road, Santa Monica, California 90402

Music

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

PROTECT YOUR ALBUMS. White cardboard replacement jackets 35¢. Gray plastic lined inner sleeves 15¢. Postage $1.25. Record boxes and 78 sleeves available. CABCO TNR-2, Box 8212, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) ..... 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year ..... 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... 40¢

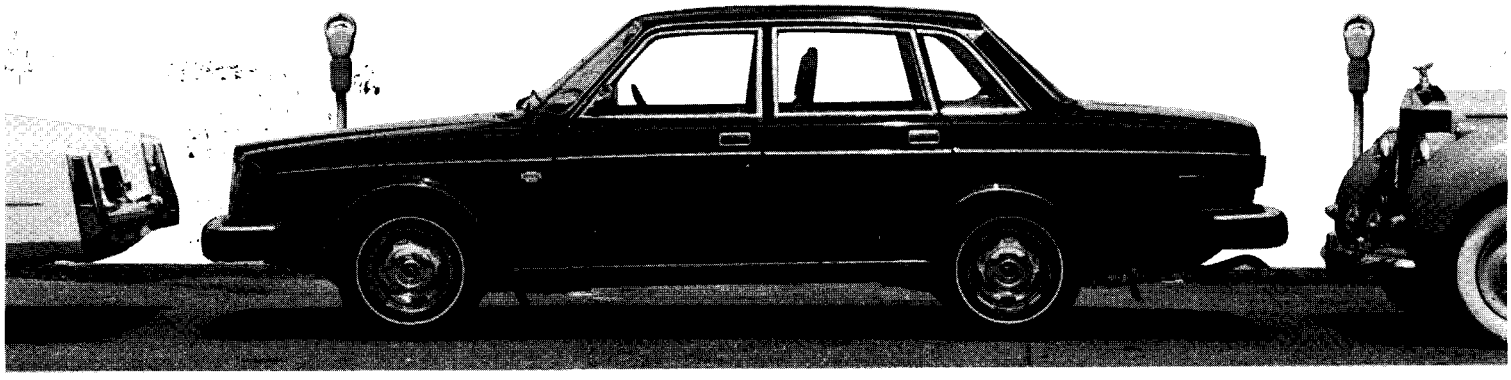
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We sell a car that costs a lot of Money but doesn't look like It. Volvo.



When you buy a Volvo, you're not paying for a lot of obvious status symbols. You're paying for safety built in style. For things like hidden roll bars that protect passengers in case of collision up to 60 m.p.h. And you're paying for Volvo's famed durability that keeps it running and running and running with hardly a temperamental moment. And for Volvo's famous orthopedically designed seating; the exquisite comfort, the uncramped head and leg room and wrap around visibility that, again, sets Volvo apart.

In fact, one test drive removes any doubts about Volvo's price.

If you've given a lot of thought to what you need in a car, come see us. We'll answer your questions, explain our Preferred Customer Service and offer you a test drive.

Then you won't think it's a lot of money at all.

Volvo of Washington

LPS

4800 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W.
Telephone: 363-4800

Ask about leasing your new Volvo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED